



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

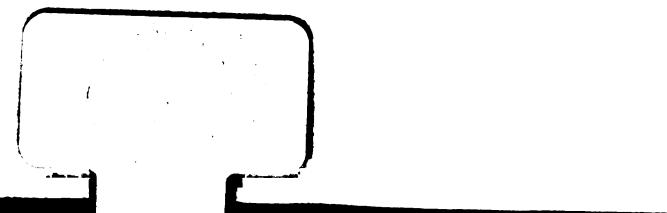
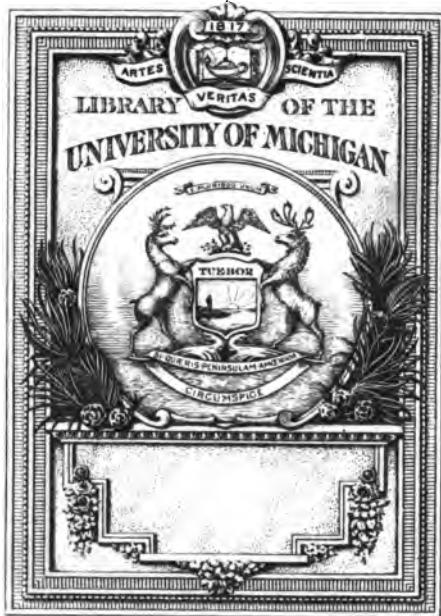
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

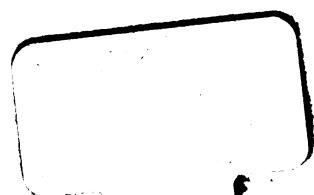
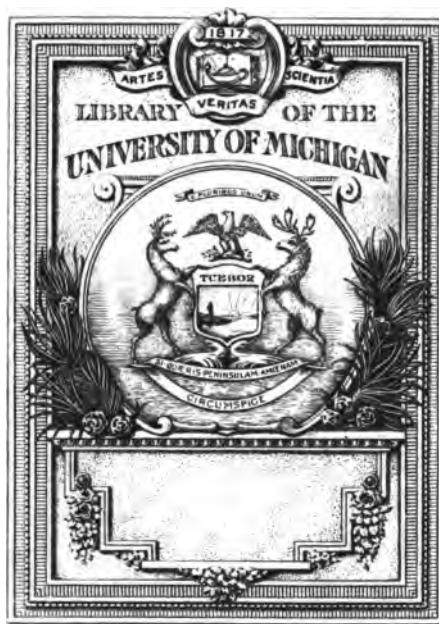
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









839.78

592fn

t H3

Poet Lore

VOLUME XXII

SPRING, 1911

NUMBER II

THE CREDITOR

A TRAGI-COMEDY, BY AUGUST STRINDBERG

Translated by Mary Harned

PERSONS

THEKLA.

wife

ADOLF, her husband, an artist.

GUSTAV, her divorced husband, a teacher, traveling under an assumed name.

SCENE.—A salon at a bathing resort. In the background a door leading onto a veranda, with an outlook over the landscape. Somewhat to the right a table with newspapers; to the left, a chair; a couch to the right of the table. Door to a room on the right.

(ADOLF and GUSTAVE at table, right)

Adolf (is kneading a wax figure on a small stand, his two crutches stand near him).—And all this I owe to you.

Gustave (smoking a cigar).—Oh, don't talk nonsense.

Adolf.—It is absolute truth! The first few days after my wife went away I lay here on the couch, strengthless, just longing. It seemed as if she had gone away with my crutches, and that I could not move from that spot. After I had slept a few days I regained strength and began to gather myself together; my brain, which had been working feverishly, began to grow quieter; old thoughts, which I had had in the past, came to the surface again; the desire to work and the inner need to create returned—the eye received again the power to see boldly and rightly—and then you came!

Gustave.—Granted that you were wretched and walked on crutches when I met you, that is not saying that my presence has been the cause of your recovery. You needed rest and you needed masculine intercourse.

Copyright, 1911, by The Poet Lore Company. All Rights Reserved.

Adolf.— Yes, what you say is beyond all doubt true. I used to have men friends, but when I married I considered them superfluous and was content with the one being whom I had chosen. Then I entered new circles, made many acquaintances, but my wife became jealous of them — she wanted to keep me to herself, and what was worse, she wanted to keep my friends to herself, too — and so I was left alone with my jealousy.

Gustave.— You have a predisposition to that complaint, man!

Adolf.— I was afraid of losing her, and sought to prevent it, was that strange? But I didn't fear that she would be untrue to me —

Gustave.— No, a married man never fears that!

Adolf.— No, isn't it remarkable! What I really feared was that friends would gain influence over her, and in so doing gain an indirect power over me, and that I could not endure.

Gustave.— You had different views, then, you and your wife!

Adolf.— Since you have heard so much, you shall hear all. My wife has an independent nature — what are you smiling at?

Gustave.— Go on! — She has an independent nature —

Adolf.— She will accept nothing from me —

Gustave.— But will accept from every one else!

Adolf (after a pause).— Yes. And it seemed as if she particularly hated my opinions because they were mine, and not because they were absurd, for it frequently happened that she brought forth my ideas of the past and made people believe they were hers; yes, it even happened that one of my friends instilled in her ideas which he had gotten direct from me, and she swallowed them with relish. Everything was relished except what came from me.

Gustave.— This all means that you are not really happy?

Adolf.— Yes, I am happy! I have gotten the woman I wanted, and I have never wanted any other.

Gustave.— And never wanted to be free?

Adolf.— No, I can't say that. Yes, sometimes I have imagined that peace would be mine if I were free — yet when she left me I longed for her as I would for my arms and legs! It is curious, but it seems to me sometimes as if she were not an individual, but a part of me; a bowel that carried off my will, my desire to live; as if I had deposited in her even the life drops of which the anatomy speaks.

Gustave.— That may well be if there is perfect harmony between you in everything.

Adolf.— How can it be? She is an independent being, with a multitude of thoughts of her own; and when I met her I was nothing, a child artist whom she has brought up.

Gustave.— But you helped her develop her thoughts, and brought her up, didn't you?

Adolf.— No! She ceased to grow and I flourished.

Gustave.— Yes, that's true. It is singular that her literary work retrograded after her first book, or at least did not gain in power. But then for that she had pleasing material — she is said to have drawn her husband. You have never met him? He must have been an idiot!

Adolf.— I never met him, for he had been gone six months; but he must have been a real, grinning idiot, judging from her delineation. (*Pause.*) And her delineation is true, of that you can rest assured.

Gustave.— I am assured of it. But why did she marry him?

Adolf.— Because she didn't know him; people can't know each other until afterward.

Gustave.— Therefore people should not marry until — afterward! Well, he was a tyrant, that goes without saying.

Adolf.— Goes without saying?

Gustave.— All husbands are (*making an effort to continue*), and you, not the least among them.

Adolf.— I! I who allow my wife to go and come as she pleases —

Gustave.— Oh, that is the least of it! Perhaps you had better have locked her up! Do you like it when she is away over night?

Adolf.— No, I certainly do not!

Gustave.— There, you see! (*Changing suddenly.*) Frankly, you are making yourself ridiculous by allowing it.

Adolf.— Ridiculous? Can a man be making himself ridiculous by giving his wife his confidence?

Gustave.— Certainly he can! You have already made yourself so! Completely so!

Adolf (*convulsively*).— That is the last thing I want to be, and things shall be changed.

Gustave.— Not so violently! You will bring on another of your attacks.

Adolf.— But why is she not ridiculous, when I am away over night?

Gustave.— Why? That doesn't concern you, it is just so, and while you brood over the why the calamity has happened.

Adolf.— What calamity?

Gustave.— To go back, the husband was a tyrant, yet she had married him to be free,— a girl will do that because by so doing she gets in the so-called husband a cloak for herself.

Adolf.— Of course!

Gustave.— And now you are the cloak.

Adolf.— I?

Gustave.— Since you are the husband.

Adolf (*at a loss what to say*).

Gustave.— Am I not right?

Adolf (*uneasily*).— I don't know. A man lives with a woman for years and never thinks much about her or about their relation and then — he begins to reflect — and then it's in process! Gustave, you are my friend. You are the only man friend I have had! In these eight days you have given me back courage to live; it is as if your magnetism shed light around about me; you have been the clockmaker who has set right the works in my head and pulled out the feather. Do you not hear for yourself how much clearer I think, how much plainer I speak? I, at any rate, find that my voice has recovered its resonance.

Gustave.— Yes, I have noticed it too, how has it come about?

Adolf.— I don't know whether it is because it becomes a habit to speak to women in a low voice, at least Thekla always reproached me for screaming.

Gustave.— And so you lowered your voice and crept under her petticoat rule.

Adolf.— Don't call it that. (*Thinks.*) It's certainly pretty bad. But we won't talk of that now! Where was I? Oh, yes, you came here and you opened my eyes to the secrets of my art. I had, indeed, long felt my interest in painting waning, because painting did not offer me the material calculated to express what I wanted to express; but when you gave me the underlying reason for this phenomenon and explained why painting could not be the right form for the artistic impulse of our time, then a light arose within me, and I realized that in future it would be impossible for me to continue to produce in color.

Gustave.— Are you quite sure that you cannot paint any more, sure that you can have no relapse?

Adolf.— Perfectly sure! I have tried it! When I lay down the evening after our conversation I went through your argument point for point, and I recognized that it was correct. But when I wakened, after having slept all night, and my head grew clear, it came to me like a flash of lightning that you might have been wrong and I sprang up, seized brushes and colors to paint, but, alas, it was all up with me! I had no more illusions; it was all only blotches of color and I trembled to think that I myself had believed and been able to persuade others to believe that these painted canvases were something more than painted canvas. The veil had fallen from before my eyes and it was as impossible for me to paint again as it was to become a child again.

Gustave.— So you realized that the striving of our time after the real,

its demand for reality, palpability, can find true expression in sculpture only, which gives bodies extension in three dimensions —

Adolf (uncertain).— In three dimensions — yes, in one word, bodies!

Gustave.— And so you became a sculptor; that is, you were one, but had gone astray, and all that was needed was a guide to put you on the right road. Tell me, do you feel great pleasure when you work now?

Adolf.— Now I live.

Gustave.— May I see what you are doing?

Adolf.— A woman's figure.

Gustave.— Without a model? And so alive!

Adolf (dully).— Yes, but it resembles some one. It is remarkable how this woman is a part of me as I am of her!

Gustave.— The latter is not remarkable. Do you know what transfusion is?

Adolf.— Transfusion of blood? Yes!

Gustave.— Well, you seem to have allowed too much blood to be taken from your veins; but when I see this figure I understand a few things which before I only surmised. You have loved her infinitely.

Adolf.— Yes, so that I could not say whether she is I or I am she; when she smiles, I smile; when she weeps, I weep; and when she — can you imagine it — bore our child — I felt the pains myself.

Gustave.— Do you know what, my dear friend; I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but you already show the first symptoms of epilepsy.

Adolf (terrified).— I! How can you say so!

Gustave.— Because I have seen the symptoms in a younger brother who had given himself up to sexual excesses.

Adolf.— How — how did it show itself — the disease?

Gustave (describing vividly).

ADOLF (listening with the utmost attention and involuntarily imitating GUSTAVE'S gestures.)

Gustave.— It was frightful to look at, and if you feel weak I'll not torment you with a description of it.

Adolf (anxiously).— Go on, go on!

Gustave.— Very well! The boy had married an innocent little girl with curls and the eyes of a dove, a childish face and the pure soul of an angel. But in spite of this she succeeded in usurping the masculine prerogative . . .

Adolf.— What is that?

Gustave.— The initiative, of course, with the result that the angel came pretty near carrying him off to heaven. First, however, he had to be crucified and feel the nails in his flesh. It was horrible!

Adolf (breathlessly).— What happened then?

Gustave (slowly).— Perhaps we would be sitting talking, he and I—after I had talked a while his face would become as white as chalk, his arms and legs would stiffen, and his thumbs would turn back on his hands like this. (*Gesture, imitated by Adolf.*) After that his eyes would become blood shot, and he would begin to chew, this way. (*Chews. Adolf imitates him.*) The spittle rattled in his throat, his thorax was screwed together as if it had been done at a carpenter's bench; the pupils of his eyes flickered like a gas jet, the saliva frothed from his tongue, and he sank down—gently—backward—in his chair, as if he were drowning. Afterward—

Adolf.— Stop!

Gustave.— Afterward — Are you ill?

Adolf.— Yes.

Gustave (rises to go for a glass of water).— There, drink, we will talk of something else.

Adolf (feebley).— Thank you! But, now continue.

Gustave.— Very well! When he wakened he remembered nothing of what had happened, he had wholly lost consciousness. Have you ever lost consciousness?

Adolf.— Yes, I have occasionally had attacks of dizziness, but the physician said it was anæmia.

Gustave.— Yes, that is the beginning, you see! But, believe me, it will develop into epilepsy, if you are not careful of yourself.

Adolf.— What shall I do to prevent it?

Gustave.— You must practice total abstinence, to begin with!

Adolf.— How long must I do that?

Gustave.— For six months at the very least.

Adolf.— I can't do that. It would completely upset our life together.

Gustave.— Farewell, then!

Adolf (puts the cloth over the wax figure).— I cannot do it!

Gustave.— Can't you save your life? But, tell me, since you have given me so much of your confidence, is there no other wound, nothing hidden, which torments you; for seldom is it the case that there is only one cause of dissonance, when life is such a jumble and so rich in opportunities for misunderstandings. Have you no corpse on board that you conceal even from — yourself? You said a while ago, for example, that you had a child whom you had given up. Why don't you keep it with you?

Adolf.— My wife did not wish to.

Gustave.— And her reason? What was it?

Adolf.— Because when the child was three years old he began to look like her first husband.

Gustave.— Hm, hm! Have you ever seen the first husband?

Adolf.— No, never! I have only cast a cursory glance at a bad portrait, but I could see no resemblance.

Gustave.— Well, portraits never look like people, and he may have changed. Still, didn't that awaken the least bit of suspicion in you?

Adolf.— Not the least! The child was born a year after our marriage, and the husband had gone away when I meet Thekla here—we met, by the way, here, at this resort — in this very house, and that is why we come here every summer.

Gustave.— So you could not have any suspicions. And there was no need for any, for the children of a widow who has married the second time often look like the dead husband. That this is vexatious goes without saying, for this reason widows are burned in India, as you know! Now, tell me! Have you never been jealous of him, of his memory? Wouldn't it sicken you to meet him when you were out walking and hear him say, with his eyes on your Thekla: We, instead of I? We?

Adolf.— I cannot deny that that thought has haunted me.

Gustave.— You see! And you can never get rid of it. You see there are discords in life which can never be resolved. Therefore, you have to stuff wax in your ears and work! Work, grow old, and put masses of new impressions on the cover of the hatchway, then the corpse will lie still.

Adolf.— Pardon me if I interrupt you! — But it is remarkable how like Thekla you are sometimes when you talk. You have a way of winking with your right eye, as if you were going to shoot, and your glances have the same power over me that hers sometimes have.

Gustave.— No, really!

Adolf.— And now you said that 'No, really' in exactly the same indifferent tone that she uses. She is in the habit of saying that 'No, really,' very often.

Gustave.— We are, perhaps, very distantly related, since all mankind are related. At all events, it is peculiar, and it will be interesting to make your wife's acquaintance to see it.

Adolf.— But can you conceive that she should never adopt any of my expressions? On the contrary, she shuns my vocabulary, and I have never seen her make use of any of my gestures. Generally people grow into a so-called wedded similarity.

Gustave.— True! But do you know what! This woman has never loved you.

Adolf.— What!

Gustave.— Yes, pardon me! But you see the love of a woman consists in that, every thing, — in taking, in receiving, and the person from whom she

takes nothing she does not love. She has never loved you!

Adolf.—Don't you believe that she can love more than once?

Gustave.—No, any one will allow himself to be duped but once, after that he keeps his eyes open. You have never been duped, therefore you must protect yourself from those who have. They are dangerous!

Adolf.—Your words cut into me like knives, and I feel that something has been slashed into shreds, yet I cannot hinder it; it feels good, though it cuts, for there are abscesses there which hurt, which never could have come to a head! She has never loved me! Why did she marry me, then?

Gustave.—First, tell me how she came to marry you, and whether you married her, or she, you?

Adolf.—The Lord knows whether I can answer that! How did it happen! It did not happen in one day!

Gustave.—Shall I try to guess how it happened?

Adolf.—You can't guess.

Gustave.—Oh, from the disclosures you have made to me concerning yourself and your wife, I can construct the course of your love! Listen, and you will hear it. (*Dispassionately, almost jestingly.*) The husband was away on an educational journey and she was alone. At first she felt a sense of ease at being free; then came a feeling of vacancy, for I take it there was a void after she had lived alone a fortnight. Then he comes and the void gradually begins to fill up. Comparison makes the absent one pale, for the simple reason that he is so far away — as the square of the distance, you know. Still, as they feel their passion grow they become uneasy before each other, before their consciences, and before him. They seek protection and crawl behind the fig leaves, play brother and sister, and the more fleshly their feelings become, the more spiritual they feign their relations are.

Adolf.—Brother and sister? How did you know that?

Gustave.—I guessed it! Children play papa and mama; but when they grow older they play brother and sister—in order to hide what should be hidden! And then their vows of chastity are discarded — and then they play at hide and seek, until they find themselves in a dark corner where they are sure no one sees them! (*With pretended severity.*) But within them they feel that some one sees them through the darkness, and they become terrified — and the figure of the absent one begins to haunt their terror — begins to take on dimensions, begins to be transformed; and becomes a nightmare, which disturbs their dream of love; a creditor, who knocks at their door, and they see his black hand between theirs when they dip them into the dish; they hear his unpleasant voice in the silence of the night which should be disturbed only by the beating of pulses.

He does not hinder their getting each other, but he disturbs their happiness. And when they feel how his invisible power disturbs their happiness, when they finally flee — but flee in vain from the memory which pursues them, from the debt they have left behind and the public opinion which frightens them, and they have not the strength to carry their guilt, then a scapegoat must be brought from the country and slaughtered! They were free thinkers, but they did not dare to go to him, speak frankly to him, say, we love each other! They were cowardly, and therefore the tyrant had to be murdered! Am I right?

Adolf.— Yes! But you forgot that she brought me up, gave me new thoughts —

Gustave.— I did not forget! But tell me how came it that she could not bring the other up to be a free thinker, too?

Adolf.— He was an idiot!

Gustave.— Quite true, he was an idiot! But that is a conception which can vary greatly. In her novel his idiocy is delineated as consisting chiefly in the fact that he did not understand her. Pardon me, but is your wife really so profound? I have found nothing profound in her writings.

Adolf.— Neither have I! And I must confess that it is difficult for me also to understand her. It is as if the mechanisms of our brains did not fit together, as if something in my head went to pieces when I sought to comprehend her.

Gustave.— Perhaps you too are an idiot?

Adolf.— No, I don't believe so. I nearly always find, too, that she was wrong. Will you read this letter that I received to-day, as an example? (*Takes a letter out of his pocketbook.*)

Gustave (reads hastily).— Hm! This style seems quite familiar!

Adolf.— Masculine, almost?

Gustave.— Yes, at least I have met one man whose style was similar. She calls you 'brother.' Do you still play that comedy to each other? The fig leaves are still there, although withered! Don't you say 'thou' to her?

Adolf.— No. For then, I think, I should lose my respect for her.

Gustave.— So that is how it goes; in order to inspire you with respect she calls herself sister?

Adolf.— I wish to respect her more than myself, I wish her to be my better I.

Gustave.— Be your better I, yourself, even if it is less comfortable than to let another be it for you. Do you wish to be inferior to your wife?

Adolf.— Yes, that is just what I wish. It is a pleasure to me to be always a little worse than she. For example, I taught her to swim, and now I am glad that she boasts herself more skilful and bolder than I. At

first I pretended that I was outshone by her and was cowardly, in order to give her courage, but even while I was pretending, one fine day I found I had been outshone and was the coward. It seemed to me as if she had taken my courage from me in earnest.

Gustave.—Have you taught her other things?

Adolf.—Yes,—but this is wholly between ourselves — I taught her how to write correctly, for she didn't know how. And now, listen to this! When she undertook the family correspondence I ceased to write, and would you believe it, now, from want of practice in the course of years I have forgotten some of my grammar. But do you think she remembers that I taught her in the first place? No, now I am simply an idiot!

Gustave.—Aha! Already you are the idiot!

Adolf.—In jest, of course!

Gustave.—That goes without saying! But this is certainly cannibalism! Do you know what that is? Savages eat their enemies, that they may acquire within themselves the latter's most distinguished characteristics! She has eaten your soul, this woman, your courage, your knowledge—

Adolf.—And my faith! I urged her on to write her first book —

Gustave (*play of expression*).—Indeed?

Adolf.—I cheered her by praise even when I found her work meager. I introduced her into literary circles, where she could suck honey from magnificent plants; by personal intervention I kept criticism from touching her; I blew on her faith, blew on it until I lost my own breath! I gave, I gave, I gave — until I had nothing left for myself! Do you know — now I shall tell all — do you know it occurs to me now — the soul is so wonderful — that when my successes as an artist were about to — obscure hers and her name — I sought to instil courage into her by belittling myself and by subordinating my art to hers. I talked so much of the insignificant role played by painting in the grand total, talked so much and found so many reasons for it that one fine day I was convinced myself of its futility, so that you had to blow over only a house of cards.

Gustave.—Pardon me if I remind you that at the beginning of our conversation you asserted that she never took anything from you.

Adolf.—She no longer does! Because there is nothing more to take.

Gustave.—The snake's hunger is appeased and now she spits!

Adolf.—Perhaps she has taken more from me than I know.

Gustave.—You may depend on that. She took without your seeing it, and that is called stealing.

Adolf.—Perhaps she did not bring me up, after all.

Gustave.—Instead, it was you who brought her up. Most certainly!

It was her design, however, to make you believe the contrary. May I ask how she set about bringing you up?

Adolf.— Certainly! First — hm!

Gustave.— W — e — e — ll?

Adolf.— Well, I —

Gustave.— No, but it was she!

Adolf.— Well, I can't tell just how it was now.

Gustave.— There! You see!

Adolf.— Meanwhile — she had devoured my faith, too, and I began to go downward until you came and gave me a new faith.

Gustave (smiling).— In sculpture.

Adolf (hesitatingly).— Yes.

Gustave.— And you have faith in that! In that abstract, antiquated art which belongs to the childhood of nations? You believe that with pure form — with three dimensions, and what else? — you will be able to work upon the present time with its realistic tendencies — that you will be able to create illusions without color, — without color, you hear! You believe that?

Adolf (crushed).— No!

Gustave.— No, neither do I!

Adolf.— Why did you say you did, then?

Gustave.— It was pity for you!

Adolf.— Yes, I am to be pitied! Now I am bankrupt! At an end! And the worst is, I no longer have her!

Gustave.— What good would she be to you?

Adolf.— She would be to me what God was before I became an atheist; an object for the manifestation of the feeling of reverence —

Gustave.— Fill up your feeling of reverence and let something else grow on it! A little healthy contempt, for example!

Adolf.— I cannot live without revering —

Gustave.— Slave!

Adolf.— Without revering, without worshipping a woman!

Gustave.— Oh, the devil! Then you would better take back God! — if you must have something to cross yourself in front of. Such an atheist! Who holds to superstitions about women! Such a free thinker! Who cannot think freely about females! Do you know what the incomprehensibility, the sphinx-like quality, the profoundity in your wife really is? Nothing but stupidity! Look at this! She cannot tell a *d* from a *t*! That is due to a failure in her mechanism! The case was intended for an anchor-escapement, but the works have a cylinder escapement. Petticoats! It is all due to petticoats! Put trousers on her, draw a mustache under

her nose with soft charcoal, then listen to her with a clear head and you will hear how different her talk sounds. She is just a phonograph, giving back your own — and other people's — words, a little thinned. Have you ever seen a naked woman? Yes, of course! A youth with nipples on his breast, an immature man, a child who has shot up and whose growth has then been arrested, a chronically anaemic being, who has hemorrhages regularly, thirteen times a year! What can come of such a creature?

Adolf.— It may all be as you say, but how can I then believe that we are now alike?

Gustave.— Hallucination, a petticoat's power of fascination! Or — possibly, you may have grown to be alike. The levelling has taken place, her capillary attraction has brought the height of the waters to the same level by suction. But, I say! (*pulls out his watch*), we have been talking now for six hours and your wife must soon be here. Shan't we stop now, so that you may have a good rest?

Adolf.— No! Don't go away from me! I dare not be alone.

Gustave.— Oh, just for a little while, then your wife will be here.

Adolf.— Yes, she will be here! How strange! I long for her, yet I dread her coming. She will caress me, she will be affectionate, but there is something stifling in her kisses, something exhausting, stupifying. I feel as if I were the child at the circus whom the clown pinches behind the scenes so that it may appear blooming and rosy to the public.

Gustave.— My friend, I am sorry for you! Though not a physician I can tell that you are a dying man! One need only see your last paintings to recognize this clearly.

Adolf.— You think so? What is the matter with them?

Gustave.— Why your color is so watery, so chlorotic, thin, that the canvas shows ghastly yellow through it; it is as if looking through your sunken, putty-colored cheeks, I could see —

Adolf.— Stop! Stop!

Gustave.— And this is not my personal opinion alone. Haven't you read to-day's paper?

Adolf (shuddering).— No.

Gustave.— It lies here on the table.

Adolf (reaching out for the paper, though not daring to take it).— Is it in the paper?

Gustave.— Read! Or, shall I read it?

Adolf.— No!

Gustave.— If you wish I will go.

Adolf.— No! No! No! — I don't know — I believe I am beginning to hate you and yet I cannot let you go. You pull me up out of the hole

where I lie, but when I come up alive, you hit me on the head and push me down again. So long as I kept my secrets to myself I still had bowels, but now I am empty. There is a painting by an Italian master representing the torture of a saint; his intestines are being wound out onto a capstan; the martyr lies there and sees himself growing thinner and thinner and the roll on the capstan growing constantly larger! I believe you have grown in the same way, since you have disemboweled me; and when you go, you go with my bowels and leave a shell behind.

Gustave.— How you rave! Well, your wife is coming home with your heart, anyhow!

Adolf.— No, not now, since you have burned her before my eyes. You have laid everything in ashes behind you — my art, my love, my hope, my faith!

Gustave.— Everything was in such good order before!

Adolf.— But it could have been put so. Now it is too late, incendiary!

Gustave.— We have only been a little extravagant. Now we will sow seeds in the ashes.

Adolf.— I hate you; I curse you!

Gustave.— A good sign! You still have strength! And now! I shall lift you up again! Listen to me! Will you listen to me, and will you obey me?

Adolf.— Do with me what you will. I obey!

Gustave (rising).— Look at me!

Adolf (looks at GUSTAVE).— Now, again, you look at me with those other eyes that draw me to you.

Gustave.— And now listen to me!

Adolf.— Yes, but talk of yourself. Talk no more of me. I am like a wound and can endure no touch.

Gustave.— There is nothing to say about me! I am a teacher of dead languages and a widower, that is all. Take my hand!

Adolf.— What fearful strength you must have! I feel as if I were grasping an electric battery.

Gustave.— Yet think of it! I have been as weak as you are! Stand up!

Adolf (stands up and falls on GUSTAVE's neck).— I am like a child without bones, and my brain lies bared.

Gustave.— Walk across the room!

Adolf.— I cannot!

Gustave.— You must, or I shall strike you!

Adolf (drawing himself up).— What did you say?

Gustave.— I said 'I shall strike you.'

Adolf (springs backward, beside himself).— You!

Gustave.— There, you see! Now you have driven the blood to your head, and your self reliance is awakened. Now I shall give you electricity. Where is your wife?

Adolf.— Where is she?

Gustave.— Yes.

Adolf.— She is — at — a — meeting.

Gustave.— Are you sure?

Adolf.— Quite certain!

Gustave.— At what kind of a meeting?

Adolf.— A meeting for the founding of a children's home.

Gustave.— Did you part friends?

Adolf (*hesitating*).— Not friends.

Gustave.— Then enemies! What did you say that exasperated her?

Adolf.— You are terrible! I am afraid of you! How can you know?

Gustave.— It is very simple, I have three known quantities, and from them I calculate the unknown. What did you say to her?

Adolf.— I said — it was only two words, but they were frightful, and I regret them, regret them!

Gustave.— That you must not do! Repeat them!

Adolf.— I said, old coquette!

Gustav.— And then?

Adolf.— I didn't say anything more.

Gustave.— But you did, and you have forgotten it, perhaps because you did not dare to think of it; you have hidden it in your secret drawer, but now open it!

Adolf.— I don't remember it.

Gustave.— But I know it. You said, 'You ought to be ashamed to coquette when you are so old, you can no longer find lovers!'

Adolf.— Did I say that? I must have said it! But how can you know it?

Gustave.— I heard her tell the story on the steamboat, on my way here.

Adolf.— To whom?

Gustave.— To four youths who formed her escort! She dotes on mere boys, just as —

Adolf.— That is perfectly innocent.

Gustave.— People play brother and sister when they are papa and mama.

Adolf.— Then you have seen her?

Gustave.— Yes, I have. But you have never seen her where you did not see her! I mean where you were not present. And, you see, that is the reason why a husband never can see his wife! Have you a picture of her?

(*Adolf takes a picture out of his pocketbook, looks at it curiously.*)

Gustave.— You were not present when it was taken?

Adolf.— No.

Gustave.— Look at it! Is it like the portrait you painted of her? No. The features are the same, but the expression is different. You cannot see this, however, because you are substituting your own picture for this. Look at this, as a painter, without thinking of the original. What does this represent? I can see nothing but a dressed up coquette who lures on to the game. Do you see this cynical line around the mouth, which is never shown to you? Do you see that the eyes seek a man who is not there? Do you see that the dress is cut low, that the hair has been carefully combed again, that the sleeve has pushed itself up? Do you see?

Adolf.— Yes, — now I see it.

Gustave.— Be on your guard, my boy!

Adolf.— Against what?

Gustave.— Against her revenge! Remember you wounded her in what to her constitutes all that is highest in her, when you said she could no longer attract men. If you had said that what she had written was scribbling, she would have laughed at your bad taste, but now,— believe me,—if she has not already taken her revenge it is not her fault.,

Adolf.— I must find out whether she has.

Gustave.— Try to draw it from her.

Adolf.— Try to draw it from her?

Gustave.— See here, I will help you if you wish.

Adolf.— Very well, since I must die anyhow — it may as well be sooner as later! What are we to do?

Gustave.— First, some information. Hasn't your wife a single vulnerable point?

Adolf.— Hardly! She certainly has nine lives, like the cats.

Gustave.— Indeed! The steamboat whistled just then at the landing — she will be here now, immediately.

Adolf.— Then I must go down and meet her.

Gustave.— No, you must stay here! You must be discourteous. If she has a clear conscience you will get a storm that will fairly hail round your ears; if she is guilty, then, she will come and caress you.

Adolf.— Are you quite sure of that?

Gustave.— Not quite, for the hare will sometimes turn on its course and make loops, but I shall soon find out. My room is right here (*points to the door to the right, behind the chair*). I shall occupy a post there and observe, while you play here. When you have finished playing, we will exchange roles; I will go into the cage and labor with the snake, while you

stand at the keyhole. Afterward, we will meet in the park and compare notes. But stand your ground! If you weaken, I'll knock on the floor twice with my chair.

Adolf.—Agreed! But don't go away! I must know that you are in the next room.

Gustave.—You can rely on that! But don't be alarmed if, later, you see how I cut up a human soul and lay the bowels here on the table; for a beginner it will be a horrible sight, but once he has seen it he will not regret it! Remember one thing — not a word about your having met me, nor about your having made any kind of an acquaintance during her absence! Not one word! I will, myself, find out her weak point. Hush! she is even now up in her room. She is singing to herself. Then she must be beside herself. Now, keep a stiff backbone, sit on your own chair, then she will have to sit on mine, and I can see you both at the same time.

Adolf.—There is still an hour before noon. The guests have not come in yet, for the bell has not been rung,—so we shall be alone — alas!

Gustave.—Are you weak?

Adolf.—I am nothing. Yet I am afraid of what will happen next! I cannot hinder its happening, however. The stone is rolling, but it was not the last drop of water that set it in motion, nor yet the first — it was all together!

Gustave.—Well, let it roll — until it does there will be no rest! Farewell, for a time! (Goes out.)

(ADOLF nods farewell; he has stood still, holding the photograph, now he tears it across and throws the pieces under the table; after doing so he seats himself on a chair, touches his collar nervously, runs his fingers through his hair, fingers his coat collar, and so forth).

Thekla (enters, goes directly up to him, kisses him warmly, frankly, joyously, and winningly).—Good morning, little brother! How are you?

Adolf (half conquered, struggling to resist her, jestingly).—What have you done that was bad, that makes you kiss me?

Thekla.—You shall learn! I have squandered a frightful lot of money.

Adolf.—Did you have a good time?

Thekla.—Very! But not, it happens, at the meeting for the cripples. That was skidl, as they say in Danish. But how has little brother been amusing himself while his comrade was away? (Looks around the room as though she was looking for some one or suspected something.)

Adolf.—I have just been bored.

Thekla.—You haven't had any company?

Adolf.—I have been entirely alone.

Thekla (looks at him, sits down on the couch).—Who has been sitting here?

Adolf.— There! Nobody!

Thekla.— That's queer; the sofa is still warm and here is a hollow made by an elbow! Have you had a visit from a lady?

Adolf.— I? You don't believe that, yourself.

Thekla.— Yet you are blushing. I believe little brother is fibbing? Come, he shall tell his comrade what he has on his conscience. (*Draws him to her; he sinks down with his head on her knee.*)

Adolf (smiling).— You are a little fiend, do you know it?

Thekla.— No, I know myself so little.

Adolf.— You never think about yourself!

Thekla (suspicious and observant).— I think only about myself — I am a frightful egoist! But how philosophical you have become.

Adolf.— Put your hand on my forehead!

Thekla (joking).— Are there ants in your head again? Shall I chase them away, what say you? (*Kisses his forehead.*) There! Now it is all right?

Adolf.— Now it is all right. (*Pause.*)

Thekla.— Tell me about what you have been doing. Have you been painting anything?

Adolf.— No! I have given up painting!

Thekla.— What? You have given up painting?

Adolf.— Yes, but don't scold me. I can't help it that I can no longer paint.

Thekla.— What are you going to do, then?

Adolf.— I intend to become a sculptor.

Thekla.— So many new ideas again.

Adolf.— Yes, but don't scold! Look at this figure.

Thekla (uncovers the wax figure).— Well just look! Who may this be!

Adolf.— Guess!

Thekla (gently).— Can it be intended for his comrade? He ought to be ashamed of himself!

Adolf.— Is it not like you?

Thekla.— How can I know when there is no face?

Adolf.— Yes, but there is so much else there — so much beauty!

Thekla (strikes him caressingly on the cheek).— Will he keep still? If not, I'll kiss him!

Adolf (draws back).— There, there! Some one might come!

Thekla.— What do I care? May I not kiss my husband? That is my lawful right.

Adolf.— Yes, but do you know what? They don't believe here in the hotel that we are married, because we kiss each other so much! And the

fact that we quarrel sometimes doesn't shake their belief, for lovers are said to do that, too.

Thekla.— But why do we have to quarrel? Can't he always be as good as he is now? Tell me! Wouldn't he like to be? Wouldn't he like it if we were happy?

Adolf.— Wouldn't I like it! But —

Thekla.— What is the matter this time? Who put it into his head not to paint any more?

Adolf.— Who? You always suspect some one behind me and my thoughts. You are jealous.

Thekla.— Yes, I am! I am afraid that some one will come and take you away from me.

Adolf.— You are afraid of that, when you know that no woman could supplant you and that I cannot live without you.

Thekla.— Yes. I am not afraid of women, but of friends who can talk you into anything!

Adolf (searchingly).— So you are afraid — What are you afraid of?

Thekla (rising).— Some one has been here! Who has been here?

Adolf.— Can't you bear to have me look at you?

Thekla.— Not that way; that is not the way you are accustomed to look at me.

Adolf.— Why, how am I looking at you?

Thekla.— You peer under one's eyelids —

Adolf.— Under yours! Yes! I want to see how it looks behind them.

Thekla.— I beg you, look! There's nothing there that needs to be hidden. But — you talk differently, too — you use expressions — (*searchingly*). You philosophize — what does this mean? (*Goes threateningly toward him.*) Who has been here?

Adolf.— No one but my physician.

Thekla.— Your physician! Who is he?

Adolf.— The doctor from Stromstad.

Thekla.— What is his name?

Adolf.— Sjoeberg.

Thekla.— What did he say?

Adolf.— He said — well — he said, among other things,— that I was on the point of becoming an epileptic —

Thekla.— Among other things? What else did he say?

Adolf.— Well, it was something very annoying.

Thekla.— Tell me what it was.

Adolf.— He forbade us to live together as married people for a time.

Thekla.— There, see! I thought so! They want to separate us; I

have seen it this long time.

Adolf.— You could not have seen it, when it has never been so before.

Thekla.— Haven't I, though?

Adolf.— How could you see what was not there to be seen, if fear had not roused your imagination, so that you saw what never existed. What are you afraid of? That I might borrow some one else's eyes in order to see you as you are and not as you appear to me?

Thekla.— Hold your fancy in check, Adolf. It is the animal in the human soul.

Adolf.— Where did you learn that? From the mere boys on the steamboat? Did you?

Thekla (without losing her composure).— Yes, one can learn much from young people.

Adolf.— I believe you are beginning to love young people.

Thekla.— I have always done that, that's how I came to love you. Have you anything against it?

Adolf.— No; but I should rather see myself the only one.

Thekla (chattering jestingly).— My heart is so big. Doesn't little brother see how it is that it is big enough to hold many, not him alone?

Adolf.— But little brother doesn't want any more brothers.

Thekla.— Let him come here to his comrade now, and he shall be roughly handled because he is jealous; no, envious is the right word. (*The chair in GUSTAVE's room is heard to push against the wall twice.*)

Adolf.— No, I don't want to play, I want to talk seriously.

Thekla (chatters).— Good Lord, he wants to talk seriously! It's terrible how serious he has become! (*Takes hold of his head and kisses him.*) Laugh a little! There, that's it!

Adolf (smiles in spite of himself).— You witch! I verily believe you can do things by magic.

Thekla.— Let him look out! For that very reason he must not grumble, or then I shall bewitch him.

Adolf (rises).— Thekla! Sit for me a moment in profile, and I'll put the face on your figure.

Thekla.— I can easily do that! (*Turns her profile toward him.*)

Adolf (fixes his eyes on her; acts as though he were modelling her)— Don't think of me! Think of some one else!

Thekla.— I shall think of my last conquest.

Adolf.— That mere boy?

Thekla.— Just he! He had such a sweet little mustache, and his cheeks looked like peaches; they had such a soft, delicate bloom, one wanted to bite into them.



Adolf (gloomily).— Keep that line around your mouth.

Thekla.— What line?

Adolf.— That cynical, bold one, that I have never seen there before.

Thekla (making a grimace).— This one?

Adolf.— Precisely that one. (*Rises.*) Do you know how Bret Harte describes the adulteress?

Thekla (smiles).— No! I have never read Bret Thingumy.

Adolf.— Well, he describes her as a pale woman who never blushes.

Thekla.— Never? Yet when she meets her beloved she will certainly blush, even if the husband or Mr. Bret doesn't see it.

Adolf.— Are you sure of that?

Thekla (as before).— Sure, since the husband cannot drive the blood into her face, of course he never sees the lovely sight.

Adolf (furious).— Thekla!

Thekla.— Little stupid!

Adolf.— Thekla!

Thekla.— He must say comrade and then I shall blush pretty for him? Shall I, say——?

Adolf (disarmed).— I am so angry at you, you monster, that I would like to bite you——

Thekla (playfully).— Then come and bite me! Come! (*Stretches out her arms to him.*)

Adolf (seizes her round the neck and kisses her).— I'll bite you to death.

Thekla (jestingly).— Take care, some one might come.

Adolf.— What do I care? I care for nothing in the whole world if only I have you.

Thekla.— And when you no longer have me?

Adolf.— Then I shall die.

Thekla.— Well, you don't need to be afraid of that, since I am so old that nobody would take me.

Adolf.— Thekla, you have not forgotten my words. I take them back at once.

Thekla.— Can you explain to me why you are jealous and at the same time so very sure of me?

Adolf.— No, I can explain nothing. But it is possible that the thought that another has possessed you may be imbedded in me and that it is germinating. Sometimes it seems to me as if our whole love were a poem, a self defence, a passion which has become an affair of honor, and I know of nothing that would so torture me as that he should know that I am unhappy. Ah! I have never seen him, but the simple thought that there is a man who sits and waits for my misfortune, a man who daily calls down curses



on me, and who would laugh aloud if I should fall,—the simple idea of this rides me, drives me to you, fascinates me, paralyzes me.

Thekla.—Do you think I would give him this pleasure? Do you think I would like to see his prophecy fulfilled?

Adolf.—No, I shouldn't like to think that.

Thekla.—Then can't you be calm?

Adolf.—No, for you constantly upset me with your coquetry. Why do you keep up that game?

Thekla.—It isn't a game. I only want to be loved, that is all.

Adolf.—Yes, but only by men.

Thekla.—Of course. For, do you know, a woman can never be loved by women?

Adolf.—Tell me! Have you heard recently — from him?

Thekla.—Not for six months.

Adolf.—Do you think of him?

Thekla.—No! Since the child died we have had no communication with each other.

Adolf.—And you have never seen him on the street, either?

Thekla.—No, he is reported to be living somewhere on the west coast. But why do you stir this all up now?

Adolf.—I don't know. But the last few days, while I was alone, I have thought about what he must have experienced that time when he was left alone.

Thekla.—I believe you have conscientious scruples.

Adolf.—Yes.

Thekla.—You feel like a thief, don't you?

Adolf.—Almost.

Thekla.—That's lovely. Men steal women as they steal children and hens! You regard me, then, as his personal or permanent property! My best thanks to you!

Adolf.—No, I regard you as his wife. And that is more than property! That cannot be replaced.

Thekla.—Oh, pshaw! If you should but hear that he had married again then these fancies would vanish! You have replaced him for me.

Adolf.—Have I? And did you ever love him?

Thekla.—Certainly I did.

Adolf.—And then —

Thekla.—I grew tired of him.

Adolf.—Just think, if you should grow tired of me, too.

Thekla.—I shall not do that.

Adolf.—If another should come who had the characteristics you

now look for in a man, let us suppose! Then you would forsake me.

Thekla.— No!

Adolf.— If he captivated you? So that you could not leave him, then naturally you would leave me.

Thekla.— No, that does not follow.

Adolf.— But you could not love two men at the same time?

Thekla.— Yes I could! Why not?

Adolf.— That I cannot understand.

Thekla.— But things can still be so, even though you do not understand them. All human beings are not created alike.

Adolf.— Now I begin to comprehend.

Thekla.— No, really!

Adolf.— No, really! (*Pause, during which ADOLF seems to make a great effort to recall something which will not come to him.*) Thekla, do you know, your frankness begins to be torturing.

Thekla.— And yet that was the highest virtue you knew and you taught it to me.

Adolf.— Yes, but it appears to me as if you concealed yourself behind this candor.

Thekla.— That's the new tactics, don't you see!

Adolf.— I don't know, but I think it begins to be uncomfortable here. If you are willing, we will go home — this very evening.

Thekla.— What has struck you this time? I have just arrived and have no desire to go away again.

Adolf.— But now I want to go.

Thekla.— What do I care about what you want? Go alone!

Adolf.— Then I command you to go with me on the next steamer.

Thekla.— Command? What sort of nonsense is this?

Adolf.— Do you forget that you are my wife?

Thekla.— Do you forget that you are my husband?

Adolf.— There is a difference between the one and the other.

Thekla.— Aha, so that's your tone! You have never loved me!

Adolf.— I have not?

Thekla.— No, for loving is giving.

Adolf.— For the man loving is giving, for the woman loving is taking! And I have given to you, given, given, given!

Thekla.— What have you given?

Adolf.— Everything.

Thekla.— That was a great deal, that was! And if that were so, then I have accepted it! Do you intend to come to me now with bills for your presents? And if I have accepted, then I have thereby proved that

I loved you. A woman takes presents only from the man she loves.

Adolf.—The man she loves, yes! You speak the truth in that. I have been the man you loved, but never your husband.

Thekla.—But it was much pleasanter so, no need to pretend! But if you are not content with your position you will get your dismissal, for a husband I will not have.

Adolf.—No, I have perceived that. For, of late, when I saw that you wanted to slip away from me like a thief, and sought your own circle where you could make a great show in my feathers, shine in my jewels, then I wanted to remind you of your debt. And then I turned myself into the uncomfortable creditor whom one prefers to know far away; then you wanted to cross out the counterfoil, and in order not to increase your debt to me, you ceased to take from my chest and went around with others. I became your husband without wishing it, and then came your hatred. But now I will be your husband whether you wish it or not, since I may not be the man you love.

Thekla (playfully).—Don't chatter such nonsense, little idiot!

Adolf.—Hear me, it's dangerous to believe that all others are idiots and that oneself alone is not.

Thekla.—Yet every one thinks that a little.

Adolf.—And I begin to suspect that he — your former husband — just possibly was not an idiot at all.

Thekla.—Good Lord, I believe you are beginning — to sympathize with him!

Adolf.—Yes, almost!

Thekla.—See that! You might make his acquaintance, perhaps pour out your full heart. What a pretty picture! But I, too, begin to feel myself drawn to him, in a way, since I have grown tired of being child's nurse, for he was at least a man, although he had the fault of being mine!

Adolf.—There, you see! But you must not talk so loud, some one might hear us!

Thekla.—What harm if they took us for married people?

Adolf.—So, now, you are beginning to enthuse over manly men and mere boys at the same time.

Thekla.—My enthusiasm has no bounds, as you see, and my heart is open to all, all, big and little, beautiful and ugly, young and old; I love the whole world.

Adolf.—Do you know what that means?

Thekla.—No, I know nothing, I only feel.

Adolf.—It means that old age has arrived.

Thekla.—Have you come back to that again! Beware!

Adolf.— Beware yourself!

Thekla.— Of what?

Adolf.— Of the knife!

Thekla (babbles).— Little brother must not play with such dangerous things.

Adolf.— I am no longer playing.

Thekla.— Oh, so this is seriousness! Absolute seriousness! Then I shall show you — that you have been mistaken. That is — you will never see it, never learn of it, but the whole world will know it, you alone will not. Yet you will suspect it, you will have a presentiment of it, and you will never again have a peaceful hour. You will feel that you are ridiculous, that you have been deceived, but you will never get the proof into your hands, for a husband never does. This you shall learn to know.

Adolf.— You hate me?

Thekla.— No. I do not hate you; and, too, I don't believe that I shall ever come to that. Probably because you are a child.

Adolf.— Now, yes. But do you still remember the time when we were in that storm? You lay there like an infant and screamed; you had to sit on my knees, then, and I had to kiss your eyes to sleep. Then, I was your nurse, I had to see to it that you did not go out uncombed, had to send your boots to the shoemaker, see to it that there was something to eat in the house. I had to sit for hours by your side and hold your hand, for you were afraid, afraid of the whole world, because you had not one friend and public opinion crushed you under its weight. I had to instil courage into you, until my tongue grew dry and my head ached. I had to sit there and make myself be strong, force myself to believe in the future, and finally I succeeded in getting life into you, when you lay there as if dead. Then you admired me; then I was the man, not that athlete whom you had deserted, but the magnetizer with soul strength who sent the current of his nervous strength into your limp muscles, charged your empty brain with new electricity. And so I raised you up; provided you with friends created, a little court for you, which I enticed to admire you with the aid of friendship, placed you over me and my house. Then I painted you in my most beautiful pictures, in rose color and azure blue on a gold ground, and there wasn't an exhibition where you didn't occupy the best place. Now you were called St. Cecilia, now you were Mary Stuart, Karin Mansdotter, Elba Brahe, and I awakened interest in you and forced the howling masses to see you with my infatuated eyes. I impressed your personality upon them, urged you upon them, until you had won an all-conquering sympathy — and you could go on alone! When you became so accomplished, then my strength was at an end, and I collapsed from over-

exertion — I had lifted you up and injured myself in so doing. I became ill and my illness bothered you, now, when life began at last to smile on you — and at times it seemed to me as if a secret longing to remove the creditor and witnesses drove you on. Your love began to take on the character of an older, indulgent sister, and for want of a better I accustomed myself to the role of a little brother. Your affection is still there, it even grows greater, but it is fed with grains of pity, containing a good percentage of disparagement which will grow into contempt as my talent sets and your sun rises. But it seems that your spring, too, is about to dry up, now when I can no longer furnish it with water, or, to be more exact, when you want to show that you no longer wish to draw from mine. And so we sink, both of us. And now you must have some one onto whom you can shift the blame. A new person. For you are weak and can never carry the blame yourself, and so I become the expiatory offering that is to be sacrificed alive. And when you cut through my sinews you did not consider that you would maim yourself, since in these years we have grown together, have grown into twins. You were a shoot from my bush; but you wanted to detach your slip before it had taken root, and therefore could not grow by itself; the bush, on its side, could not do without its main branch — therefore, they withered away, both of them.

Thekla.— By all this you mean to indicate that you have written my books?

Adolf.— No, you say that in order to catch me in a lie. I have not expressed myself so roughly as you do, and I have talked now for five minutes in order to render all the shades, all the half tones, all the transitions, but in your hand organ there is but one tone.

Thekla.— Oh yes, but the resumé of the whole matter is, nevertheless, that you have written my books.

Adolf.— No, there is no resumé; you cannot resolve a chord into a single tone; you can't render a varied life in a number with one figure. I have not said anything so lame as that I had written your books.

Thekla.— But you meant it.

Adolf (beside himself).— I did not mean it.

Thekla.— But the sum total —

Adolf (wild).— There is no sum total when you do not add; there is a quotient, a long, endless decimal fraction as quotient, as when one divides and the result doesn't come out even. I did not add.

Thekla.— No, but I can add.

Adolf.— I believe you can, but I did not do it.

Thekla.— But you wanted to do it.

Adolf (feebley, closing his eyes).— No, no, no — don't speak to me any

more! I shall have convulsions! Be quiet! Go away from me! You ruin my brain with your coarse pincers — you fasten your claws in my thoughts and pull them to pieces. (*Becomes unconscious; stares into vacancy and turns his thumbs in.*)

Thekla (tenderly).— What is the matter with you? Are you ill? Adolf!

(ADOLF lashes about him.)

Thekla.— Adolf.

Adolf.— Yes.

Thekla.— Do you acknowledge that you have been unjust?

Adolf.— Yes, yes, yes, yes, I acknowledge it.

Thekla.— And you beg my pardon?

Adolf.— Yes, yes, yes, I beg your pardon! Only don't speak to me again!

Thekla.— Kiss my hand!

Adolf (kisses her hand).— I kiss your hand! Only don't speak to me again!

Thekla.— And now you are going out to get the fresh air until noon.

Adolf.— Yes, that may be necessary. And then we'll pack up and leave here.

Thekla.— No.

Adolf (rises).— Why not? There must be a reason for it.

Thekla.— For this reason. I have promised to take part in the soirée this evening.

Adolf.— So that's why!

Thekla.— That's why! And I have promised to be there —

Adolf.— Promised! You perhaps said you thought you would be there, and that will not hinder you from saying now that you think you will not be there.

Thekla.— No, I do not do as you do, I keep my word.

Adolf.— Oh, of course, one keeps one's vows, but one doesn't need to hold fast by all one chatters. Has any one, by chance, obtained a promise from you?

Thekla.— Yes.

Adolf.— Then you can ask him to free you from your promise because your husband is ill.

Thekla.— No, that I won't do, and you are not so ill but that you could go with me.

Adolf.— Why do you always want to have me with you? Do you feel easier if I go?

Thekla.— I don't understand what you mean.

Adolf.— That's what you always say when you know that I mean something — that you don't like.

Thekla.— Indeed! What is it that I don't like now?

Adolf.— Be quiet, be quiet, don't begin that again. Good by, so long! And think what you are doing!

(Goes out through the door in the background and goes off the stage, to the right.)

(THEKLA alone; immediately afterward GUSTAVE.)

(GUSTAVE goes directly to the table to pick up a newspaper, apparently without seeing THEKLA.)

Thekla (makes a motion; restrains herself).— Is that you?

Gustave.— It is I! Pardon me!

Thekla.— How in the world did you come here?

Gustave.— I came by the overland route; but — I shall not stay here, now that —

Thekla.— Oh stay! Well, it's a long while ago!

Gustave.— It is a long while ago!

Thekla.— You have changed a great deal.

Gustave.— And you are just as charming as you used to be. You look almost younger! But pardon me, I do not wish to embitter your happiness by my presence. And had I known you were here I should never —

Thekla.— I beg of you, if you do not consider it indelicate, that you will remain.

Gustave.— As far as I am concerned there is nothing to hinder my doing so, but I think — well, whatever I say I shall be sure to offend.

Thekla.— Sit down a moment, you will not offend me, for you have the unusual faculty — you always did have — of being tactful and refined.

Gustave.— You are all too kind! But that is not saying that — your husband will view my qualities with the same indulgence that you do.

Thekla.— On the contrary, he has expressed himself much more sympathetically with regard to your personality.

Gustave.— Ah! To be sure everything cicatrizes, like the names cut in trees — and not even animosity can lastingly maintain its place in our feelings.

Thekla.— He has never cherished any animosity toward you, since he has never seen you! As for me, I have always had with me a dream — it is this, that I might see you friends for a moment — or, at least, that you might sometime meet in my presence — hold out your hands to each other — and part.

Gustave.— It has also been my secret desire to see you whom I have

loved more than my life — in really good hands! And, indeed, I have heard much good of him. I know all his work, but I would gladly, before I grow old, clasp his hand, look in his eyes and pray him to guard the treasure Providence has given into his hands. I wanted by doing this at the same time to extinguish the involuntary hatred which must needs exist here within me, and I trusted that peace and humility might enter my soul so that I might be able to live out my sad days to their end.

Thekla.— You have given expression to my thoughts; you have understood me! My thanks are due to you for this.

Gustave.— Pshaw, I am a modest man and was too insignificant to be able to give you shades. My uniform life, my slavish work, my narrow social circle was not for a soul like yours, which thirsted for freedom. I see it now. But you understand — you have fathomed the human soul — what it cost me to confess this to myself.

Thekla.— That is noble, that is great, to be able to admit one's weaknesses — and not everybody can do it. (*Sighs.*) But you were always an honest, faithful, reliable soul — whom I valued — yet —

Gustave.— I was not so — at that time I was not so, but suffering purifies us, sorrow ennobles us, and — I have suffered.

Thekla.— Poor Gustave! Can you forgive me? Can you tell me.

Gustave.— Forgive you? What are you saying? It is I who beg for your forgiveness.

Thekla (*suddenly changing her tone*).— I verily believe we are both weeping — we old people!

Gustave (*changing his gradually*).— Old! Yes, I am old. But you, you grow younger and younger! (*Seats himself casually on the chair, left, whereupon THEKLA occupies the couch.*)

Thekla.— Do you think so?

Gustave.— And, too, you know how to dress.

Thekla.— That you taught me. Don't you remember that you discovered my colors?

Gustave.— No.

Thekla.— But you did. Doesn't it come to you — hm — I remember that you even got angry with me when I did not have something flame colored on.

Gustave.— I never got angry. I was never angry at you.

Thekla.— But you were when you wanted to teach me to think — don't you remember? For I couldn't do it at all.

Gustave.— Certainly you could think. Everybody can do that. And now you are positively trenchant, at least when you write.

Thekla (*unpleasantly affected hurries forward the dialogue*).— Well,

dear Gustave, it certainly is nice to see you again, and on such peaceful terms.

Gustave.— Well, I was certainly not precisely a quarrelsome person, and you found things very peaceful when you were with me.

Thekla.— Yes, somewhat too peaceful.

Gustave.— Indeed! But you see I thought you wanted me that way. It sounded so, at least, when you were engaged.

Thekla.— How could I know then what I wanted? And then I had learned from mama to behave myself.

Gustave.— And instead of that you have now taken to backsliding! The artist's life is brilliant and your husband does not appear to be one of the seven sleepers.

Thekla.— Of that kind of good, too, there can be too much.

Gustave (changes the subject).— Oho! I believe you are still wearing my earrings.

Thekla (embarrassed).— Yes, why shouldn't I? We have never been foes — and then I thought I should like to wear them as a token — and as a reminder — that we had not been unfriendly — besides, do you know, you can't buy any like these any more? (*Unfastens one earring.*)

Gustave.— Of course that's all very well and good, but what does your husband say to it?

Thekla— What do I care about what he says to it?

Gustave.— Don't you care? But in that you do him an injury! You may make him ridiculous.

Thekla (curtly, as if to herself).— He is that already, as things are.

Gustave (who has seen that she is having difficulty in fastening the earring again, rises).— Perhaps I may be allowed to help you?

Thekla.— Thank you very much.

Gustave (presses it into her ear).— This little ear! Think of it, what if your husband should see us now?

Thekla.— Why, then there would be tears.

Gustave.— Is he jealous then?

Thekla.— Is he jealous! I should think so! (*Noise in the room to the right.*)

Gustave.— Who has that room?

Thekla.— I don't know! Well, now tell me how the world goes with you! And what you are doing!

Gustave.— Tell me how it goes with you.

Thekla (embarrassed, absent-mindedly lifts the cloth from the wax figure)

Gustave.— Oho! Who is that? Dear me! That is you!

Thekla.— I don't believe so.

Gustave.— But it is like you.

Thekla (sarcastically).— You think so!

Gustave.— That reminds me of the anecdote, ‘How could your majesty see that?’

Thekla (laughs aloud).— You are so crazy! Do you know a few new stories?

Gustave.— No, but you must certainly know some.

Thekla.— I never get to hear anything jolly any more.

Gustave.— Is he nervous?

Thekla.— Uh — hu.

Gustave.— Nothing else?

Thekla.— He is so ill, now.

Gustave.— Well, why did little brother have to go and stick his nose in strange wasps’ nests?

Thekla (laughs).— You are too crazy!

Gustave.— Poor child! Do you remember just after we were married — we occupied this room? Didn’t we? It was differently furnished then. For example, there by the column stood a bureau and there stood a bed.

Thekla.— Hush!

Gustave.— Look at me!

Thekla.— That’s easily done.

(*They look at each other.*)

Gustave.— Do you believe one could forget a thing that has made a strong impression?

Thekla.— No. And the strength of memories is great! Especially of youthful memories.

Gustave.— Do you remember when I first met you? You were a lovely little child; a little slate on which your parents and governess had scratched a few crows’ feet, which I had to erase. And there I wrote new texts in accordance with my views, until you thought it was covered with writing. Therefore, you see, I should not like to be in your husband’s place — well, that is his affair! But, therefore, also, there is a fascination in meeting you. Our thoughts come together so well, and as I sit here now and talk to you, it is as if I uncorked a bottle of old wine of my own. I get my own wine back again, but it has grown mellow. And now, being about to marry again, I have intentionally chosen a young girl whom I can educate according to my own views, for, you see, woman is man’s child, and if she isn’t, then he is hers, and the world is turned upside down.

Thekla.— Are you intending to marry again?

Gustave.— Yes. I want to try my luck once again; but this time I shall exert myself more, so that it does not reach a culminating point.

Thekla.— Is she pretty?

Gustave.— Yes, to me. But it may be that I am too old. And it's queer — now that chance has led me into your vicinity — now I begin to doubt whether it is possible to begin the game all over again.

Thekla.— Why so?

Gustave.— I still have my roots, I feel, in your ground, and the old wounds break open. You are a dangerous woman, *Thekla*!

Thekla.— Indeed! And my youthful husband told me I could make no more conquests.

Gustave.— That means that he has ceased to love you.

Thekla.— What he means by love I do not understand.

Gustave.— You have played at hide and seek so long that you can no longer lay hold on each other. That's the way things go! You have had to play innocence to yourself so that he dares do nothing. Yes, you see, it has its inconveniences, this changing! It has its inconveniences!

Thekla.— You reproach me —

Gustave.— Not in the least! What happens happens with a certain fatality; for if it had not happened then something else would have; well, then, it happened, so it happened.

Thekla.— You are an enlightened man, you! And I have met no one with whom it is such a pleasure to exchange ideas. You are so free from moralizing and preaching, require so little of people, that one feels free in your presence. Do you know, I am jealous of your future wife?

Gustave.— And do you know I am jealous of your husband?

Thekla (rises).— And now we must part forever! Forever!

Gustave.— Yes, we must part! But not without a leavetaking! Must we?

Thekla (uneasily).— Yes, we must!

Gustave (follows her into the center of the room).— No! We must take leave of each other. We will drown our recollections in an intoxication which shall be so heavy that when we waken we shall have lost memory — there are such intoxications, you know. (*Puts his arm around her waist.*) You have been dragged down by a sick mind, which has infected you with its tuberculosis. I will breathe new life into you. I will make your talent blossom even now, in your autumn, like a remontant rose, I will —

(*Two ladies in traveling gowns appear at the veranda door; look surprised, point at them with their fingers, laugh, and continue on their way.*)

Thekla (freeing herself).— Who was that?

Gustave (indifferently).— They were strangers.

Thekla.— Go away! I am afraid of you!

Gustave.— Why?

Thekla.— You take my soul away from me.

Gustave.— And give you mine for it. Besides you have no soul, that is only an hallucination.

Thekla.— You have a way and manner of saying uncivil things that one can't be angry at you.

Gustave.— That's because you feel that I have the first mortgage. Now tell me when — and where?

Thekla.— No. I pity him. He certainly loves me still and I will do nothing more that is wrong.

Gustave.— He does not love you. Do you want a proof of that?

Thekla.— How could you produce it?

Gustave (*picks up a piece of the photograph from the floor*).— Here. See for yourself.

Thekla.— Oh! This is shameful!

Gustave.— There, you see for yourself. Now then, when? and where?

Thekla.— The false wretch!

Gustave.— When?

Thekla.— He is going away to-night, on the eight o'clock boat.

Gustave.— Well, then —

Thekla.— At nine! (*Noise in the room to the right.*) Who occupies that room and makes such a fuss in there?

Gustave (*going to the keyhole*).— We will investigate! There lies a table that has been pushed over and a carafe broken to pieces! Nothing more than that. Perhaps they shut a dog up in there. So, at nine!

Thekla.— That's settled! He can thank himself for it! Think of it, such falseness, and from him, who preached truthfulness and who taught me to speak the truth! But wait a minute — how was it? He received me almost unkindly — didn't come to the landing — and then — then he said something about the boys on the boat, I pretended not to understand — but how could he know about it? Wait a minute — and then he philosophized about women — and then he was haunted by you — and then he talked about how he was going to be a sculptor, for that was the art of the present — just as you used to think.

Gustave.— No, really!

Thekla.— No, really! Ah! Now, I understand. Now I begin to see what a terrible scoundrel you are. You have been here and have torn him to pieces! You sat here on the couch; talked him into believing that he had epilepsy; that he ought to live a life of celibacy; that he must show himself a man and revolt against his wife! Yes, it was you! How long have you been here?

Gustave.— I have been here for eight days.

Thekla.— And so it was you whom I saw on the steamboat!

Gustave.— It was I.

Thekla.— And now you believed you would catch me.

Gustave.— I have done it already.

Thekla.— Not yet!

Gustave.— But I have!

Thekla.— You stole up to my lamb like a wolf! You came here with the rascally purpose of destroying my happiness, and you worked your plan until my eyes were opened and I frustrated it.

Gustave.— Not exactly as you put it! This is how it was in reality. That things went badly with you was naturally a secret wish of mine. But I was almost certain that I did not need to put my fingers into it. And besides, I had so many other things to look after that I had no time left for intrigues. But when I happened, by chance, to be strolling around and, by chance, I saw you on the boat with the young men, I thought the time had come to look after you. I came hither and your lamb threw himself at once into the wolf's arms. I excited his sympathy by a reflex action I would rather not be so discourteous as to explain; at first I felt sympathy for him, as he found himself in the same position that I had been in before. But then he happened to touch my old wound — the book, you know, and the idiot — and then I felt the desire to pluck him — to get the pieces into such a muddle that they couldn't be patched together again — and I succeeded, thanks to your conscientious preparatory work. Then I still had you. You were the mainspring in the works and had to be wound up till you snapped. Then we would hear things whirr. When I came in here to you, I didn't really know what I was going to say. I had a multitude of plans, like a chess player, but all depended on your moves, as to how I should carry on the game. One thing led to another, chance helped, and I had the fish in the net. Now you are fast.

Thekla.— No!

Gustave.— But you are! What you least desired has happened! The world, as represented by two women travelers whom I did not summon hither — for I am no intriguer — the world has seen how you have been reconciled to your first husband and have remorsefully crept back into his faithful arms. Is that enough?

Thekla.— It might be enough to satisfy your revenge! But tell me, you who are so enlightened and think so fairly and justly, how can it be that you, who are of the opinion that everything that happens happens of necessity, and that all our actions are not free —

Gustave (correcting her).— Not free to a certain extent.

Thekla.— It's the same thing.

Gustave.— No!

Thekla.— How can it be that you, who consider me innocent, since my nature and circumstances have driven me to ask as I have done, how can you be of the opinion that you have a right to revenge yourself?

Gustave.— For that very reason; for the reason that my nature and circumstances have driven me hither to revenge myself! Isn't it the same at bottom? But do you know why you two must get the worst of it in the struggle?

(*THEKLA looks contemptuous.*)

Gustave.— Why you allowed yourselves to fall a prey to me? Because I was stronger than you and cleverer! You were the idiot! And he! Now you see that one is not necessarily an idiot because one neither writes romances nor paints pictures! Mark that!

Thekla.— Have you wholly renounced all feeling?

~~*Gustave.*— Wholly!~~ But you see, because I have, I can think, which you have learned to do only a little, and act, something you must now learn to do a little!

~~*unter Thekla.*~~— And all this, only because I have wounded your self love.

Gustave.— It is not that alone! But let it remain at that, the wounding of another's self love! That is the most sensitive thing a man has.

Thekla.— A vindictive wretch! For shame!

Gustave.— A fickle wretch! For shame!

Thekla.— That's my nature, isn't it?

Gustave.— That's my nature, isn't it? One must search into the human nature of other people, before one allows his own nature free play. Otherwise one may cut oneself, and the end is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Thekla.— You can never forgive —

Gustave.— But I can, I have forgiven you!

Thekla.— You?

Gustave.— Yes, certainly I have! Have I in all these years ever raised my hand against you? No! And now I have come here and looked into your affairs, and already there was a split between you. / Have I reproached you once, have I moralized, preached? No. I joked a little bit with your husband, and that was enough to bring him to an explosion. But I stand here as an accuser and answer me! Thekla! Have you nothing to reproach yourself with?

Thekla.— Nothing at all! The Christians say that Providence rules our actions, others call it fate — are we not guiltless?

Gustave.— Yes, to a certain extent; but there remains a small measure of margin, nevertheless, wherein the obligation sticks, and the creditors will present themselves sooner or later. Guiltless but responsible! Guilt-

less before him who no longer exists, responsible before ourselves and before our fellowmen.

Thekla.— So you come and challenge me.

Gustave.— I came to take back again what you had stolen, not received as a gift. You had stolen my honor, and I could only get it back again in one way — by taking yours! I had the right to do that.

Thekla.— Honor! Hm! And now you are satisfied?

Gustave.— Now I am satisfied! (*Rings for the waiter.*)

Thekla.— And now you are going to your fiancée?

Gustave.— I have none! And never want one! I am not going home, for I have no home and want none. (*The waiter enters.*) Give me my bill; I must leave on the eight o'clock boat. (*The waiter bows and goes out.*)

Thekla.— Without reconciliation?

Gustave.— Reconciliation! You use so many words that have lost their significance. We be reconciled to each other? Are we to live together, we three? To be reconciled you would have to make reparation, but that you can't do! You have not only taken, but what you took, you consumed, so that you cannot give it back again! Are you only to be satisfied if I talk like this: forgive me, because you have scratched my heart all over; forgive me, because you have dishonored me; forgive me, because for seven long years, every day, I was a laughing stock for my scholars; forgive me, because I freed you from parental restraint, because I released you from the tyranny of ignorance and superstition, because I placed you in charge of my house, gave you social position and friends, made you from a child into a woman! Forgive me as I forgive you! Now I shall make a stroke across my counterfoil. Go you now and settle your account with the other man.

Thekla.— What have you done to him? I begin — to suspect something frightful!

Gustave.— To him! Do you still love him?

Thekla.— Yes.

Gustave.— And just now you loved me. Was that true?

Thekla.— It was true.

Gustave.— Do you know what you are then?

Thekla.— Do you despise me?

Gustave.— I lament over you! That is a peculiarity, I do not say a fault, but a peculiarity, which is disadvantageous in its consequences. Poor Thekla! I don't know — but I almost believe that I regret what I have done, although I am guiltless — like you! Yet perhaps it may be of use to you to feel what I felt at that time! Do you know where your

husband is?

Thekla.— Yes, I believe now that I know! He is in your room, that room there! And he has heard everything! And seen everything! And he who looks upon his Fylgia dies!

(ADOLF appears in the door leading onto the veranda, white as a corpse and with a bloody streak on one cheek, his eyes fixed, without expression, and white foam around his mouth.)

Gustave (shrinks away from him).— No, there he is! Now, settle up with him, then you will see whether he is so generous as I! Farewell! (Walks over to the left, but stands still once more.)

Thekla (goes toward ADOLF with outstretched arms).— Adolf!

(ADOLF sinks down on the door sill.)

Thekla (throws herself down over ADOLF's body and caresses him.) Adolf! My dear child! Are you alive? Speak, speak! Forgive your bad Thekla! Forgive! Forgive! Forgive! Little brother must answer, does he hear! No, my God, he does not hear. He is dead! O God in heaven, O my God, help us, help us!

Gustave.— In truth, she loved him too! Poor creature!

GERHART HAUPTMANN*

By PAUL H. GRUMMANN

THE revolution of '48 sobered Germany on the question of political panaceas. Her poets, under the influence of Schopenhauer, adopted a pessimistic philosophy with the doctrine of art for art's sake. The reformers turned their attention away from politics, which they regarded as superficial, to the study of economic questions. Under the leadership of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle, the socialists who believed that wealth is solely the product of labor contended for state ownership of the tools and raw materials of labor. The interest; however, soon shifted from a purely economic point of view and embraced the larger interests of sociology. It was recognized that society could not be regenerated without touching some of the more fundamental questions. It was felt that the real condition of society must be defined before sane attempts could be made in the right direction. This involved a searching analysis of the traditions of present-day society, and since Zola, Tolstoi, and Ibsen were working in this field, their influence upon German thought became marked. Zola undertook this task on large lines, and depicted the condition of the unfortunate with a relentless realism. Tolstoi approached the problem with a definite program for the improvement of society; he proposed a return to the ideals of primitive Christianity. Ibsen subjected the various ideals of society to a searching criticism in the fervent hope that better ideals might be evolved.

Superficial observers see only a continuation of Ibsen's work in the German naturalistic movement. They completely overlook certain forces of great moment that played their part in shaping German thought. Nowhere had the scientific spirit found a firmer foothold than in Germany. In the field of biology it produced Ernst Haeckel, the greatest evolutionist since Darwin. Scientific research and the popularizing of science did much to create an attitude favorable to realism in art. An entirely new science arose in physiological psychology and so rapidly did this science grow in importance that it soon dethroned metaphysics as the mistress of all sciences. Psychology was applied to history (Lamprecht), philology (Paul), mythology and religion (Wundt), literature (Elster). Very promptly this point of view became popular and led to a psychological interpretation of life generally. The German naturalistic poets differ from their pre-

*This is the first article in Professor Grummann's series on modern European Dramatists. The second article, on Herman Suderman, will appear in the next number of *Poet Lore*.

decessors essentially in this respect, they systematically utilize the results of experimental psychology in their character delineations.

This new note appeared unmistakably in Hauptmann's 'Before Sunrise.' It is true that this play shows a strong resemblance to Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm.' The central thoughts of Rosmersholm made a profound impression upon Hauptmann. John Rosmer is characterized as a man who is so deeply rooted in the old traditions that he cannot rise to his own lofty ideal of the 'new nobleman.' Rebecca West, a woman of no traditions and hence at war with all traditions, is so involved in guilt that she is unfit for the future. Ulric Brendel, the intellectual cynic, removed from all social control, finally proclaims the bankruptcy of his own ideals. Nowhere else has Ibsen struck a more despondent note. The play amounted to a confession that the Rosmers, the Rebeccas, and the Brendels are unfit for the future, because they are rooted in or subject to unworthy traditions.

This same theme is discussed in Hauptmann's 'Before Sunrise' ('89). The characters which he describes must rise to higher levels before a sunrise is really possible. The drama portrays three characters, Hoffmann, Schimmelpfennig, and Loth, all of whom have belonged to a club of liberals at the university. When these men come into contact with real life they show a marked divergence. Hoffmann prostitutes himself, body and soul, by marrying the daughter of a degenerate peasant, who has acquired sudden wealth through the discovery of coal on his farm. Schimmelpfennig, after qualifying as a physician, comes to the community where Hoffmann has settled, because the degenerate farmers furnish him a large and lucrative practice. He can have no sympathy with the people of the community, thoroughly despises them, and decides to acquire a competence in order to be able to retire and live his own life in more favorable surroundings. Loth not only remains true to his liberal principles, but makes a hobby of them. He plans a communistic colony in America, becomes a socialist agitator, is imprisoned, and consequently his hobbies become even more pronounced. As a walking delegate he is sent to inspect Hoffmann's mines. He falls in love with Hoffmann's sister in law, Helene, but flees when he hears from Schimmelpfennig that she belongs to a family of drunkards. Helene, seeing herself entirely engulfed in the vice and degradation of the place, commits suicide.

Hauptmann's critics have pretty generally regarded Loth the hero of this drama. This view is entirely untenable. Loth's conduct is unsound. He is a visionary. Instead of investigating the charges of Schimmelpfennig, which were really unfounded, he leaves Helene, who is entirely untainted, to her fate. Hauptmann condemns the characters of 'Before Sunrise,' as completely as Ibsen does those of 'Rosmersholm.' The theme

of the two dramas is the same, the solution, however, betrays vital differences. Ibsen, although he prided himself upon being a realist, was an impressionist. In order to bring out salient features he intensifies certain characteristics of his characters. Fond in his youth of caricaturing, he remained true to this bent in all of his work. John Rosmer is drawn as the man of good conservative traditions, not as an individual, but as a type. Rektor Kroll is burdened with almost all the vices of the hide-bound, conservative political wheelhorse. Rebecca West never did and never will exist in the flesh, she is a stage figure which embodies relentless modernism. Ulric Brendel is an intellectual cynic, who fits into the framework of the plot and helps admirably to convey Ibsen's message, but he is hardly plausible as a man.

In sharp contrast with these figures Hauptmann presents men and women in 'Before Sunrise' who at once appeal to us as plausible. They make this appeal because the author has devoted serious consideration to the psychological laws which govern their actions. We do not merely follow the fortunes of these characters, but we sense their whole range of emotions. Hauptmann's success in depicting emotional states is due, not only to his great psychological insight, but also to his rare skill in utilizing just those elements in the environment of his characters that make them intelligible.

Consistently following this method, the poet, in 'The Festival of Peace' ('90),* portrays a series of characters who have acquired the critical habit and have not only failed to develop their emotions, but have smothered them. 'In Lonely Souls' he depicts a character who in some respects resembles John Rosmer. Johannes Vockerat involves himself and his whole family in ruin because he has been too much shielded from the world. Not having passed through 'the university of hard knocks' this man is a slave of his emotions. Intellectually he lives in the future, emotionally in the past. This play again offers an excellent opportunity of comparing the technique of Hauptmann and Ibsen. Beate, in 'Rosmersholm,' is a mere shadow; Kate, in 'Lonely Souls,' is a real woman, whose whole inner life is revealed to us. Rebecca West is a type, Anna Mahr is a real individual, whose actions and emotions are made plausible in the light of her experiences.

Colleague Crampton ('92) is Hauptmann's first attempt at comedy. The play is a satire upon that type of art school which is completely dominated by the sordid manager, who has no conception of the higher interests of his teachers and students. The only man of ability in his faculty becomes

**The Reconciliation — Poet Lore*, 1910.

a vagabond and drunkard, and his able students withdraw or are expelled. The play reflects some of Hauptmann's experiences as a student of art at Breslau.

'The Weavers' ('92) presents the terrible suffering of the Silesian weavers of the forties. The poet had heard many stories about this period from his father who, as a son of one of these weavers, had first-hand information. But a more important source of the play is to be found in Alfred Zimmermann's 'The Flourishing and Decline of the Silesian Linen Industry.'

With an astounding clearness the various types of weavers are depicted and their home atmosphere is characterized. We are given a glimpse, not only of their suffering, but of the warped inner life resulting from overwork and want. In contrast with this we see the newly rich manufacturer with his spurious ideals and the evil influences emanating from him to other members of the community. The uprising of the weavers is portrayed as quite distinct from the republican movement of the times. These men do not revolt because they are theorists, they revolt because the conditions of life have become so grinding that they are deprived of their very right to exist. Largely by chance they receive a leader in the person of a former weaver who has just returned from his military service in Berlin. He is a thug and his lack of intelligence accounts for the fact that he has imbibed nothing of the revolutionary movement of the day, but a certain restiveness. Under the leadership of this man the weavers surround the residence of the manufacturer. After a clash with the officials they destroy the residence.Flushed with success, they march to the next village. A detachment of soldiers makes an attack upon them, but they answer with a shower of missiles, and march on, carried away by the mob enthusiasm that has been engendered.

The instantaneous popularity of 'The Weavers' was due to a misunderstanding on the part of the public. The socialists at once saw in the drama a satire upon contemporary conditions — a satire upon the 'commercial aristocracy.' But this was not the real intention of the author. He was not a propagandist. He simply attempted to present a faithful picture of an epoch that interested him intensely. It was historical drama even if it did describe a comparatively recent period. It deviated from former historical dramas in that it was an attempt to portray the conditions with absolute fidelity without siding with any one and without glorifying anything. Hauptmann made an attempt to present exactly the "psyche," the consciousness, of the times. In order to do this it was necessary to present the consciousness of the individuals of the times. Hence, every character in the 'Weavers' has a well-defined individuality, but so well are

these individuals grouped that in the aggregate they give us a comprehensive picture of the consciousness of the period.

'The Beaver Coat' ('90), a tragico-comedy, depicts the life of the lower classes of a suburb of Berlin. Mrs. Wolff, the central figure, is a petty thief who plays with the little prejudices of the police officials so cleverly that she succeeds in covering up her acts and maintains a good reputation in the community. The drama impressed the critics as incomplete, a view apparently shared by the author, for in 1901 he published a sequel to it, 'The Red Cock.' In this drama Mrs. Wolff has become Mrs. Fielitz. Success has made her more daring in her crime. She burns down her house and with the insurance builds a substantial edifice. In attempting to clear herself she casts suspicions upon some of her boon companions, who turn upon her and all but establish her guilt in court. But the nervous strain of her long career in crime has undermined her strength. Just as the weather vane is placed upon the new building she collapses and dies. She has established the material prosperity of this family by means of her crime, but not even her husband gives her credit for what she has done. This Nemesis is surpassed nowhere in the modern drama in force and plausibility. It recalls Ibsen's 'Master Builder.' The laws of her own being finally pass judgment upon this woman in an uncompromising manner.

The appearance of 'Hannele' ('93) marks a new epoch in the development of the poet. He had come to realize that a complete portrayal of the individual must take into account his mythology, the figures of his dream life, of his subconscious self. In primitive times whole communities and races have a uniform mythology. Modern life differentiates the individual, therefore each person has his individual religion and his individual mythology. This individual mythology must be presented by the poet if his characters are to be really plausible.

This Hauptmann did with signal success in 'Hannele.' Hannele is the stepdaughter of Mattern. Her mother has been abused so frightfully by this monster that she has died. From his abuse Hannele has tried to escape by means of suicide. She is rescued, however, and is brought to the village poorhouse. Here she lapses into unconsciousness and has a dream vision. This dream reveals the girl's whole inner life. She has heard many fairy tales and Bible stories from her mother and at school. These she relates to her own experiences and reconstructs in accordance with her desires. Before her attempted suicide, she believes that Jesus is calling to her from the bottom of the pond. She has substituted Jesus, the most attractive figure of her myth lore, for Frau Holle, who according to the fairy tale, dwells in the pond and calls little children to her. Being an illegitimate child, Hannele has often wondered about the identity of her

father. Since her suffering is very much like the troubles of various princesses in the fairy tales, she comes to the conclusion that her father must have been a prince. The stories of Cinderella and Snow White especially appeal to her, and in her childish way she identifies herself with them. She therefore dreams that after her death she is clothed in silk, is placed into a glass coffin, and gets a pair of glass slippers. All of these rewards come to her after her death, for she has heard in fairy lore and Bible stories that death always brings full justice to poor suffering mortals. In accordance with this notion she dreams that the school children come to her funeral, beg her pardon for their rudeness to her, and concede her present glory. We immediately see that Hannele has often said to herself when the children have abused her, 'Wait until I am dead—then you will realize who I am.' The village paupers have called her a witch, therefore she dreams that they slink past her coffin and acknowledge that she is a saint. The village gossips have had little mercy for her, therefore they appear in her dream and wreak vengeance upon her stepfather, calling him the murderer of 'dear little Hannele.'

Mattern, the stepfather, is portrayed with all of the idiosyncracies of the drunkard. He is self-righteous, and like most drunkards, feels that he is the victim of his environment, and accordingly thinks that he has done his full duty toward Hannele, that he is even kind to her. Hannele has therefore come to the conclusion that Mattern will not realize how cruel he has been to her until she is dead, even then Jesus will have to convince him and have recourse to miracles in order to do so. In accordance with this fixed idea, Hannele dreams that Jesus confronts Mattern and asks him for shelter, clothes, and bread, but receives nothing but rebuffs. The kind warnings of Jesus also go unheeded. Not until the miraculous thunderclap is heard and Mattern sees the luminous flower in the hands of Hannele does he come to a realization of his brutality.

The hero worship in our literature has led to some very grotesque conceptions of Hannele's character. She is pictured by some critics as a little saint, beautiful in body and soul, and one critic goes so far as to upbraid the poet for introducing the sensuous element into her character, thereby spoiling this 'ideal creation.' But it must be remembered that the real tragedy is to be found in the fact that the whole inner life of this child has been debased, hardened, and brutalized by the unfortunate conditions in which she lives. She is filled with thoughts of spite and revenge. Unable to find justice in this world, she finds it in her imagination and thus heaps burning coals upon the heads of her enemies. Her vision of heaven is also quite gross. It is just the conception that we would expect of a child that has grown up in her environment. The drama

is a great naturalistic picture of the soul life of this child — a great human document — and its greatness consists in its faithful portrayal of the real conditions.

As has been stated, 'The Weavers' had an enthusiastic reception, because the public related it to the labor movement of the day, not because it was a great picture of an epoch that had already become historical. In Florian Geyer ('96) Hauptmann applied the technique of 'The Weavers' to the period of the Peasants' Revolt during the Reformation. This work betrays the same painstaking delineation of characters. The language is a marvellously accurate reproduction of the language of the times. But the poet erred in expecting the same enthusiastic interest on the part of the public that had been evoked by 'The Weavers.' This appreciation did not come because the public lacked the necessary historical insight. The play was pronounced a failure and critics almost unanimously agreed with the public. But gradually a more favorable opinion is asserting itself. A modified version has already met with some success on the stage. Individual writers* pronounce it one of the greatest of Hauptmann's plays. In this connection the opinion of the historian Lamprecht is of interest, because Hauptmann is doing in art what Lamprecht has done in historical research. Both men attempt to reproduce the 'psyche' of past epochs. Lamprecht, in summing up a very complimentary review, states that the play suffers from vagueness. Since this criticism has appeared repeatedly, it will be well to say a word about its validity. The period itself was one of confusion — of conflicting ideals and conceptions — therefore, no great dominating note could be introduced into the play without violating the spirit of the entire work. The tragedy of Geyer is that he lives in a time of confusion and this confusion becomes his undoing.

'The Sunken Bell' ('97), upon which Hauptmann's popularity chiefly rests, has been the subject of much critical comment. Some years ago, in agreement with Richard M. Meyer, I contended in *Poet Lore* that the key to 'The Sunken Bell' is to be found in 'Hannele'; that the play is really the dream vision of Heinrich and that from this point of view all of the supposed inconsistencies of the play disappear. The one difficulty that presents itself is that Hauptmann calls 'Hannele' 'eine Traumdichtung' (a dream poem), and 'The Sunken Bell' 'ein Märchendrama' (a fairy tale drama). This would seem to indicate a distinction in technique. But in his collected works he classes 'Elga' with the fairy tale dramas, and no one will seriously contend that the dream technique has not been employed in 'Elga.' It would seem, then, that Hauptmann uses the name

*Alfred Kerr: *Das neue Drama*. S. Fischer, Berlin, p. 37.

'fairy tale drama' for the dramas in which the dream has been fused into an organic unit. Hannele's dream is inconsistent and irregular. The dreams of Heinrich, the German knight in 'Elga,' and the manager in 'Pippa' are fused into consistent stories.

Like Hannele, Heinrich has his individual mythology. The vision shows the interplay of the figures of his mythology and his environment. As in Hannele, the author suggests the manner in which these mythological conceptions have been evolved. Heinrich has known of an old woman who has the reputation of being a witch. From this figure he evolves the 'Wittichen' of the vision. He has seen Anna, a mute girl of the village. He adds characteristics of Undine and Freyja to her and thus constructs his conception of Rautendelein. The wood sprite and the water sprite are taken more directly from German folklore, but even these are related to Heinrich's interests.

Critics were entirely too eager to see a hero in Heinrich as they had seen a heroine in Hannele. They failed to see that 'The Sunken Bell' is a naturalistic study of the inner life of an artist dreamer, of an idealist of fantastic notions. He dreams of a set of Chimes that 'move and ring of their own force.' After he has caused the ruin of his family and the death of his wife, and realizes the futility of his dreams, he exclaims bombastically to the people, 'Ye cast down my wife — not I.' This is certainly not to the credit of the bell founder. Heinrich is portrayed as the artist whose feet are not firmly on the ground, who flounders between the real and the ideal.

'Teamster Henschel' ('93), 'Schluck and Jau' ('00), 'Michael Kramer' ('00), 'The Red Cock' ('01), 'Poor Henry' ('02), 'Rose Bernd' ('03), 'Elga' ('06), and 'And Pippa Dances' ('06), have been discussed by me in recent numbers of *POET LORE*, and therefore will not be discussed in the present paper.

In a number of plays Hauptmann had touched upon educational problems. 'The Festival of Peace' stressed the futility of imposing impossible tasks upon children, and showed the frightful results of neglecting the emotions. 'Colleague Crampton' called attention to the fact that the business manager with his materialistic attitude is a danger to the real life of the school. 'Michael Kramer' portrayed the tragedy resulting from an inadequate conception of the spirituality and yearnings of the pupil. In 'The Young Girls of Mount Bishop' ('05), Hauptmann devotes himself to educational problems more specifically, and arraigns the German schools most severely.

On Mount Bishop the four Ruschewey sisters live under the guardianship of their uncle, who tries to care for them in the spirit of his deceased

brother, by surrounding them with an atmosphere of joy, refinement, and culture. The third sister, Agathe, through the machinations of an aunt, has become engaged to Nast, the professor of classics in the local gymnasium. This Nast is a pedant. Instead of choosing his profession he inherits it. He is industrious and efficient, but his vanity and bigotry try the patience of every one. Instead of devoting himself to the larger cultural problems of his profession, he shows an interest only in the petty questions of local archaeology. Instead of feeling the uplift of the cathedral, which he frequents from day to day, he grubs in trifles. His utter lack of pedagogical insight comes to light in his stupid treatment of Otto Kranz, a young student of art who has the oddities that are peculiar to the enthusiastic adolescent. Instead of finding the boy's point of view and dealing with him in the proper manner, he humiliates him in order that the schoolmaster may maintain discipline. Otto, unable to cope with the irony of Nast, retaliates in the characteristic way — he plans an intrigue which ends in the complete humiliation of Nast. Nast's attitude toward Agathe, however, reveals even more damaging defects of judgment. He shows that he does not possess that supreme qualification of the teacher — reverence for the individuality of another. He treats Agathe as if she were his pupil; cross-questions her and extorts all kinds of confessions from her. He undertakes to reshape her in accordance with a preconceived plan instead of allowing her to develop along her own lines. He is at war with the mirthful spirit of Mount Bishop, and tries to impose his philistinism upon the sisters, but the former suitor of Agathe returns and displaces him.

Hauptmann has withdrawn this drama and has attempted to buy up the copies in circulation. It is the one drama in which his zeal tricked him into preaching through the mouths of his characters. It is a pity, however, that he should therefore deprive the public of his best comedy. Admirers of Hauptmann will be loath to part with the book, even at the suggestion of the poet, and it is to be hoped that the drama will be republished. It is true that some of the characters preach too plainly, but German schools, excellent as they are in most respects, are sorely in need of the message which Hauptmann conveyed through the characters themselves. The startling number of suicides in German schools, the insistence upon much formal training, whose only virtue lies in the fact that it can be forgotten, the superciliousness of German schoolmen — all remind us that Germany also has her school problem. No one questions the high standards of honesty and efficiency in the German schools. Hauptmann puts his finger upon their crucial defect. They are sorely in need of being humanized by teachers of psychological insight and culture.

A personality is the result of countless generations of ancestors, therefore countless aspirations and yearnings become incarnate in it. To the discriminating psychologist, therefore, every personality presents a highly complex problem. Through personalities the past is ever revealing itself to the present. This is the meaning of Richard Dehmel's lines,

'Through you, what its depths conceals,
To itself the world reveals.'

In 'Pippa' Hauptmann touches this problem tentatively. Pippa is a revelation to the manager, but the manager convinces himself that she has no abiding inspiration for him. In 'Charlemagne's Hostage' ('08), Gersuind is presented as an incarnation of the Saxon spirit, which is thus revealed to the emperor. The poet presents Charlemagne at the climax of his career. He has forced Christianity upon his empire, and has carried forward the stupendous task of civilizing his people. He is surrounded at his court by Christian zealots, and his broad sanity has led him to view these with some suspicion. He is even at the point of questioning the wisdom of all of his efforts. At this point the Saxon hostage Gersuind is brought into his presence. She is perfect physically, and shows great intellectual force. But mixed with this there is a wildness and savageness which perplex him and fill his advisers with abhorrence and disgust. Gersuind is the product of Saxon life — that life which Charlemagne had tried to refashion in years of incessant warfare. His advisers cause the ruin and death of this child. He comes to the conclusion that his lack of self-assertion has caused the ruin of something that was worthy to live, that this Saxon spirit had in it a vitality worth saving, and that he has been unable to deal with it wisely. The drama reminds one forcibly of Ibsen's 'Emperor and Galilean.' Gersuind had in her the possibilities of the 'third kingdom.'

'In Poor Henry' Hauptmann remotivated a mediæval story in such a manner as to make the characters plausible from a modern point of view. He undertakes a similar task in Griselda ('09). Both subjects were beset with difficulties. The patient Griseldis, of Petrarch and Boccaccio, is not very plausible to modern man, and Walter, her husband, who tests her patience to the point of killing her children, is a mere fiction from the modern point of view. In Hauptmann's play both characters are completely remotivated. Ulrich (Walther) is presented as a sound man in whom the basic virtues of the race assert themselves vigorously. He is completely disgusted with the formal court life that surrounds him, and takes delight in dressing as a peasant and mingling with his dependents. He thus comes in contact with Griselda, offers indignity to her, and is repulsed with a firmness and strength that appeal to him at once. Griselda has become the self-respecting woman who brooks no manner of unjust

criticism or insult. Ulrich makes Griselda his wife. The advent of a child completely upsets him. He is morbidly jealous of this interloper, has the child removed from the mother, and leaves the court. Griselda, who now feels that she is not rendering service for her place at court, goes back to the farm of her parents. In spite of her love for Ulrich, she refuses to be the object of charity. She is commanded to return to the castle as a menial servant. With this she complies, for she can do it without sacrificing her self-respect. Ulrich is reconciled to her because he finds that she has in every instance shown that she has preserved the basic virtues of the race.

In 1902 Hauptmann published two short stories, 'Switchman Thiel' and 'The Apostle.' The former is a realistic study of the inner experiences of a switchman, the latter a close study of a religious fanatic, who believes that he is the Messiah. His real life is lost almost wholly in his hallucinations. In technique the story shows strong reminiscences of Holz and Schlaf's 'Papa Hamlet.'

The theme of this story is taken up again in 'Emanuel Quint,' the only novel which Hauptmann has attempted. It is appearing serially in *Die neue Rundschau*. It is the story of an introspective visionary who has a deeply religious nature and applies his religious theories to the complex modern world. Readers who are accustomed to the terse dramatic style of Hauptmann deplore the epic breadth of this work. It cannot be denied, however, that there is an almost haunting suggestiveness in the book.

The only work which directly conveys Hauptmann's views is his 'Springtime in Greece' ('08). It is an account of the poet's visit to Greece, and the interests and impressions which he records are very illuminating to any one who is anxious to become acquainted with the individuality of the poet. It is significant that this man whose sympathetic nature impelled him to write so many harrowing tragedies is a sound optimist. The discerning reader has already seen this in his 'Poor Henry,' 'The Young Girls of Mount Bishop,' 'Charlemagne's Hostage,' and 'Griselda.' If definite proof were needed his book on his travels in Greece would supply it in abundance. Here we find again the spirit of Browning and Goethe. In its pages we find the following significant words about Goethe — words that apply with equal force to Hauptmann himself: 'Any one who has ever placed his ear against the walls of that workshop, whose master bore the name of Goethe, will recognize that not only Wagner, the famulus, tried in the spirit of the gods and by means of human hands to shape and produce man; all of the meditating, brooding, activity, yearning, and striving of the master was incessantly directed toward that same goal. And whosoever does not feel, in every creation of his mind and his hands, the fervent struggle for the incarnation of the new and higher type of man, he has not understood the great magician.'

A MAN OF THE WORLD

BY MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH

Translated by Roy Temple House

Bartenheim (bachelor. Fifty years old. Medium height, slender, sinewy. Dark brown straight hair, small mustache, closely clipped burnsides. The rest of his face clean shaven. Low forehead, powerful nose. Calm, dark brown eyes, which sparkle and glitter when he grows excited. Rather large, energetic mouth, with thin, tightly closed lips. Easy manner, without a trace of affectation).

Hans Donath (lieutenant of dragoons. Twenty-two years old. Somewhat taller than BARTENHEIM, but much the same type of man. His carriage and actions show him, however, to be much the weaker nature. It is with the greatest difficulty that he maintains an attitude of reserve in BARTENHEIM's presence).

(A bachelor apartment, comfortably furnished, but in a somewhat old-fashioned manner. On the walls, which are covered with dark brown leather tapestry, hang pictures of celebrated race horses, in simple frames. Left two windows, between them a massive table, on which lie canes and whips; above it a wall clock. Diagonally across a corner, on a marble base, a statuette of BARTENHEIM on a horse. Door middle, tapestry door right. On the wall beside it, a broad divan, a table with smoking outfit, armchairs.)

Bartenheim (enters right, wearing his hat and a light overcoat. A valet follows him. BARTENHEIM approaches the table, chooses one of the canes which lie on it, and takes the handkerchief and gloves which the valet offers him. A servant enters, middle).

Servant.— Lieutenant Count Donath. I told him you were just going out.

Bartenheim (has not heard the first words).— Just going — Jochel, you're a wise one, aren't you? What is the matter, did you say?

Servant.— Lieutenant Count Donath —

Bartenheim.— Who?

Servant.— Lieutenant Count Donath.

Bartenheim (frowns).— You told him I was just —

Servant.— Going out.

Bartenheim.— Very good.

Servant (starts to go).

Bartenheim.— Wait a minute! Let's see — I will — show him in.
(He takes his hat off.)

Hans (enters, military greeting. He evidently has difficulty in controlling some deep emotion).— I beg your pardon, Count Bartenheim — I'm interfering —

Bartenheim.— Not in the least.

Hans.— You were going out.

Bartenheim.— I can put that off just as well as not. (*Motions to the valet, who draws off his overcoat.*)

Hans (steps up, offers to take his hat).

Bartenheim (waving him off).— Oh no, thank you, it isn't necessary!

Valet (goes into the dressing room with the coat and hat).

Bartenheim (to HANS).— Lay off your wraps, won't you?

Hans (bows, unbuckles his sword, lays it with his cap on a couch which stands near the middle door).

Bartenheim (has been looking at him affectionately. When HANS turns and comes back to him, he becomes as cold and formal as ever).— You have a leave?

Hans.— Five days — I have had one.

Bartenheim.— And you're coming now —

Hans.— From Gradno.

Bartenheim.— I suppose so — from the funeral —

Hans.— Of my mother.

Bartenheim.— It's a sad loss for you.

Hans.— A sad loss — and a bitter one! She wanted to see me again, she longed and waited — and she was dead before I reached her — (*in a tone full of hate and contempt*) — I was called too late by that — by the —

Bartenheim (coldly).— By whom?

Hans.— By Count Donath.

Bartenheim (as before).— Your father.

Hans (between his teeth, defiantly).— By Count Donath!

Bartenheim (intentionally failing to hear, evasively).— When do you go back?

Hans.— I must be home by the day after to-morrow, in the morning.

Bartenheim (nods cordially).— So the post is 'home' for you? That's good!

Hans.— Since I have no other home.

Bartenheim (evidently intends to answer, changes his mind and remains silent. His cigar has gone out; he carefully lights it again).

Hans (excited and complainingly).— I have no other since my mother died.

Bartenheim (again intentionally fails to hear him).— Do you know, my dear Donath —

Hans (reproachfully).— You used to call me Hans always.

Bartenheim.— Times are changed. You are the ranking lieutenant now.

Hans.— Oh — as far as that is concerned —

Bartenheim.— Well, if you have no objection, Hans. I was going to say, my dear fellow — you'll not get much sleep to-night if you reach the riding school to-morrow. This is a curious route you are following —

Hans (quickly).— There was a very good reason!

Bartenheim (ignoring the interruption).— From Gradno to Biljeka by way of Vienna —

Hans (joyfully surprised).— So you know I am stationed there?

Bartenheim (perplexed for a moment, but regaining his composure at once, carelessly).— Baron Strasser, I believe it was, spoke about it at the club lately. His brother is in your regiment.

Hans.— He is my captain.

Bartenheim.— A good man to work under?

Hans.— Very.

Bartenheim.— A good regiment all around, isn't it?

Hans.— You know it. It was yours, and that is the reason I wanted to serve in it. They haven't forgotten you, Count Bartenheim, in your old regiment. The old fellows grow young when they speak of you. How often I've heard it: The best soldier, the best comrade, was Bartenheim, and the best rider, too.

Bartenheim (has been looking warmly at his face as he spoke, and failed to hear what he has been saying. Absently).— Who?

Hans.— You.

Bartenheim.— I? How's that? Oh yes! I'm glad I'm well recommended to you (*smiling*) 'at home.'

Hans.— After every race you ran they say there was general rejoicing when the papers announced: Count Bartenheim's Nikolo or Kisbir or Tom Thumb, first. And when they gave you the statuette there after your last victory, the officers had a banquet —

Bartenheim.— I remember. You were there to congratulate me, too. You must take my respects to every one of my old comrades who is still with the regiment.

Hans.— They will be delighted! They will envy me the chance I am having to visit you!

Bartenheim (somewhat ill-humoredly).— Compliments?

Hans.— You can see well enough they are more than that. (*Reaches*

instinctively for BARTENHEIM's hand.)

Bartenheim (with a gesture of protest, but not harshly).— Well, sentiment, then. Are you sentimental?

*Hans.— They don't consider me so at the post. But to-day — you see to-day — when a man has just gone through what I have (*quickly, giving way to his emotion*) — Just imagine — you love your mother — you must have loved your mother dearly —*

Bartenheim (painfully moved. Turns away).— She didn't need my love. Let's let the dead rest in peace.

Hans.— My mother — did need mine!

Bartenheim.— A splendid woman.

Hans (impulsively).— And though certain people gossip about a shadow that came over her pure life — that shadow is light and glory to me — it's virtue to me —

Bartenheim (interrupts him, then in an icy tone).— You're raving, it seems to me.

*Hans.— No! Yes! Perhaps. (Recovers his composure.) I was going to say, suppose you loved your mother — assuming you did — and she had grown ill, had been ill for a long time, and you had been uneasy about her. And there was somebody there that laughed in your face. Uneasy — about what? She is all right — comfortable — all of that! There are others about her that it is harder on than it is on her — and *she* says he is right, always! She doesn't contradict him, she submits — the proud woman bows before him — like a slave — —*

Bartenheim (starts, stares hard at vacancy).

*Hans.— I — let them persuade me, try not to worry. I am getting along very nicely, she writes in every letter. Then — all at once comes a telegram: Mother very ill. Expect you. And I know him and understand at once what that means. And so I start right off to her! To — her? Will I find her alive? (He bites his teeth together.) I'll remember *that* journey. Will I find her alive? Will she hear me when I say 'Mother!' to her? Will I ever hear her say 'My child,' again? I would have given my youth, my health, my life — I reach there — and — they take me — to her closed coffin. He didn't even let me see her dead face, the — Count Donath. He did not telegraph till it was all over — out of kindness! He wanted to spare her and me. He — spare! the hypocrite — the —*

Bartenheim (interrupts him).— Don't forget —

Hans (after a pause, with concentrated rage).— I never did him any harm. He walked behind her coffin, and his will stand beside it in the vault, and I — I can't stand the thought! My mother is not in the vault at Gradno. It is an old garment of hers that moulders there. She is alive in my memory

and in the memory of those (*avoiding BARTENHEIM's eye*) of those who were her real friends.

Bartenheim (with somewhat forced formality).— And to whom her memory will always be sacred. (*After another pause, changing the conversation.*)— You have relatives here; have you visited them?

Hans.— No. You see I haven't time —

Bartenheim.— You haven't? Yes, that's so.

Hans.— I have relatives. All Donaths. All of the same stamp. I have no use for them.

Bartenheim.— Are you in the habit of proclaiming that from the house-tops?

Hans.— I say it to you, because I am glad to tell you a thing that no one else could force me to say. And because I believe, too, that the Donaths with their deceitful friendliness are just as dear to you as they are to me. How could a man like you endure their sort? You *must* hate falsehood!

Bartenheim (smiles at him).— Almost as much as flattery.

Hans.— Even when you deserve praise and admiration so much —

Bartenheim.— Very well, very well!

Hans.— Let me finish!

Bartenheim.— I don't deserve any admiration.

Hans.— Yes, yes! Admiration and confidence! Why do men come to you when they are in trouble about some delicate affair of honor? Why does a poor devil who thinks he is completely gone and is desperate, cheer up when he learns that Bartenheim is going to speak up for him? Why is it that when somebody needs help and it's a ticklish thing to help, we are always sure that one man will have the courage to speak out? And who is it? Quiet old Count Bartenheim!

Bartenheim.— Are you through? Do you feel relieved now?

Hans.— Yes, since my eyes have been opened, I can answer all those questions. I couldn't until lately, and yet from a child I could see that Bartenheim, who came so seldom, counted for more than all the rest. And when you would pat me on the shoulder and ask me, How are you, Hans? I was proud, and — I wasn't always the best in the world in my — father's house; but at that moment I could answer, I'm all right, now. Once I found a picture of you in an illustrated newspaper. I cut it out and nailed it on the wall over my bed, and said to my mother, I'm going to be like that man.

Bartenheim (thoughtfully, softly).— And your mother, what did she say to that?

Hans.— She didn't say anything. She only kissed me very tenderly.

Bartenheim (almost overcome, recovers himself with an effort. Glances

at the wall clock).— Well, my dear Hans. I'm sorry, but if you don't want to miss your train — your train goes at five.

Hans.— I beg your pardon — at half past.

Bartenheim (significantly).— At five.

Hans (understands, rises. A convulsion of pain distorts his face. He picks up his sword, buckles it on, takes his cap).

Bartenheim.— You will have to send after your luggage, too.

Hans (scarcely able to speak).— It is — all at — the — station.

Bartenheim (nervously).— Oh, is it? Well, then, good by. Pleasant journey.

Hans (stands expectantly).— Thank — you.

Bartenheim.— It was good of you to come and see me.

Hans.— May I come again?

Bartenheim.— Certainly! Certainly!

Hans.— In the fall.

Bartenheim.— In the fall?

Hans.— They say — and we're very hopeful of it — our regiment will be transferred here.

Bartenheim (painfully surprised).— Is that settled?

Hans.— I understand it's as good as settled. So I can come back in the fall?

Bartenheim (hesitating).— If I'm still here. I have been planning to do some traveling. (*Offers him his hand.*) Good by.

Hans (seizes BARTENHEIM's hand and kisses it hastily).

Bartenheim.— What are you thinking about? Good by, Donath, good by, Hans!

Hans (salutes, goes toward the door. Reaching there, his hand on the latch, he stops and looks back once more at BARTENHEIM).

Bartenheim (at the table, where he seems to be looking for something. After a moment he turns his head and nods a farewell to HANS).

Hans (exit).

Bartenheim (as if following an irresistible impulse, takes several steps toward the door. Then he stops with a violent effort and stands motionless, breathing heavily. He steps to the window and waves his hand as if in response to someone below. He leaves the window and returns to the middle of the room.) Good by, my boy! (*Both hands pressed convulsively against his head.*) Ah! That was hard!

THE GREATER COURAGE IN IBSEN'S HEDDA

BY ANTON HELLMAN

THE central character of Henrik Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler' does not reveal itself so that he who runs may read. Because this is so, many answers to the question, What does Hedda Gabler stand for, have been made. It has been stated with the emphasis of prophecy, that this woman is neurasthenic. Who would think to question that decision? The affair has been most simply dismissed by many superficial critics who presume that this woman is shown to us for these thirty-six hours preceding her death, in a mood of violent anger because of the realization of her delicate physical condition. The natural hysteria of a woman in this condition, a most uncommon occurrence, by the way, even though it be abnormally vivid, would not have brought about the events as they occur. There are elements of truth contained in these comments, but the condition of Hedda's mind is hardly that of anger, the character of her feelings is much too deep, and the effect much too poignant for her disposition to be regarded as merely that. It is not maternity, but maternity under such conditions that makes her life a nightmare.

Of all subjects fleeting and evanescent, what one is more so than Art? And yet, think of the definitions of it that have been brought to us. From every one that has dabbled in art, in any branch, from the earliest times to our own, has come some new interpretation of the subtle condition which makes for artistic expression. I will spare you this, but I cannot help but think it an attribute of greatness in Art, when men can show as through the windows of their souls, to each spectator his own ideal. This Ibsen has done for us as few others have, and I try to explain here what he has shown me in the drawing of one character.

When Hedda Gabler is presented to us she is a vicious woman. You may say she is so because she is ill, from neurasthenia, or from a physical illness, or for any reason you please, but vicious she truly is,—selfish, unkind, and vicious. All through these last hours of her mortal existence there is evidence of no kind thought or good passing in her mind. This is but too true, much has gone before to make this background upon which is painted with such startling color these tragic effects.

When Hedda Gabler comes from her chambers to us, with her *welt-schmerz*, and her boredom bearing her down like an immobile leaden cloak,

she is a mature woman of twenty-nine, conscious of her immense superiority over all the human beings by whom she is environed. She realizes to the fullest extent of a naturally, tremendously egotistical nature her intellectual superiority, her physical and truly spiritual superiority, and most of all, the vast fund of universal experience that she has compared with those around her.

The story of Hedda's younger life is told to us between the short sentences that make up this play in which the great dramatist never is obliged to depend upon long introspective monologues. But now she stands before us, imposing, even in the negligee of a morning gown, compelling, compelling because of this crushing burden that she carries always with her, a burden obtained from hours of sorrow, bewilderment, and disappointment. Is it nothing that she is a woman,

'Sunrise haired and starry eyed and wondrous:

To have felt the brain sustain the mighty

Weight and reach of thought unspanned and spanless,'

and that the only reasons that the realization of this glorious self is impossible is because she is a woman, and a woman without abundant means? It seems to me that this is very much. This alone is tragic, deeply tragic.

Had Hedda Gabler been a woman with money at her disposal she would not have made of her life as useless a thing as she did. Had she had wealth she would have had the greater courage the absence of which produced her incurable malady. Born and reared in an atmosphere where the prejudices of military ideas of honor and living prevailed, so strong an impress in favor of conventional life is made upon her mind that nothing seems more ugly for her to contemplate than the possibility of scandal. This it is that holds her and prevents her from exercising the 'greater courage.'

When Eilert Lovborg asks, 'Why did you not shoot me down?' Hedda replied, 'Because I have such a dread of scandal.' Then Eilert accuses her of being a coward, and when she tells him that that was not her 'most arrant cowardice that night,' she places her finger on the key, she tells us then what has made her life useless. The dread of scandal has prevented her from following the pathway of self-realization. Had Hedda Gabler not succumbed to 'her most arrant cowardice,' and had she faced the world with Eilert Lovborg, outcast though he was, she would have been able to inspire him to work, for he was a man of genius, you know, and in doing this she would have found her work and her salvation. Succumbing to her cowardice she does the act that prevents her forever from reaching the plane of life defined for us by Friedrich Nietzsche as the '*eubermensch*,' and that is characterized by the over control of the personality by the consciousness.

The instinctive dread of scandal finally causes her to end her life beautifully, with a pistol, the mate of which she has given to Eilert to use for the same purpose. There comes to Hedda a flash of light, a little surcease from her unbearable *weltschmerz* is suggested to her, by the chance of for once in her life moulding a human destiny. When that is taken away from her, and it is told that Eilert did not do the deed with vine leaves in his hair, nor beautifully in any way, but very vulgarly, and there was danger of her being implicated in this vulgar scandal, then she sees no more use for living, she ends her life with the pistol, *she does the deed beautifully.*

Hedda Gabler represents to me all that the chains of the conventions can do to make complete the humiliation of a human being, particularly that of a woman endowed with elements of real greatness. By her adherence to conventionality she adds one more name to that vast army of strugglers whose goal reveals itself clad in the common but tragic garb of failure. When enough of these failures shall have occurred, so that we may thoroughly understand that certain pathways do lead to that point, then perhaps,—then surely, we will mount. And when a Henrik Ibsen comes with an example like Hedda Gabler for us, we shall understand it as such, and perhaps it will help some of us to recognize the opportunity to possess ourselves of the 'greater courage' when it comes, and to use it. And when, as the ages come and go, enough shall have availed themselves of the 'greater courage,' then will the dream of the great German philosopher, he upon whom fell with such great weight the mantle of the *weltschmerz*, the dream of the *uebermensch* truly live, and we shall surely be a long step nearer to our goal, to our God. Then, too, will be more clearly understood the harmony between the Law of Evolution and the philosophic point of view of Ibsen's dramas, and of the new valuations of Friedrich Nietzsche.

A GLANCE AT 'LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA'

By LOUISE CANN RANUM

THIS book has less of charm than have 'Richard Feverel,' 'The Egoist,' or 'Diana of the Crossways.' In its problem it is related to an earlier and much less readable work, 'The Amazing Marriage,' and is a dignified and fearless word in favor of larger liberty to woman in the use of her powers.

The appalling involutions of the Meredithian phrase are, fortunately for the reader who wishes to understand, less conspicuous in 'Lord Ormont' than in 'Richard Feverel,' 'Diana,' or 'The Amazing Marriage.' This does not mean simplicity of phrasing. The essence of the style here as elsewhere in the author's work is concentrated complexity; the phrase packed with meaning — the burden of interpretation hard on the reader; but the Chinese puzzle effect, riddles within riddles, so noticeable in the introduction to 'Diana,' is absent in this later work. The style, although bearing a torch into the obscure recesses of truth, has little esthetic felicity. Tortured grotesqueness of expression; metaphor, striking, illuminating, but strained; categories, too inclusive for truth and so homely as to cut an awkward figure, repel. This sustained tension, as it were, of whipped-up nerves, wears the reader.

Would Cuper's boys recognize themselves, their thoughts, their feelings, evolved, involved, turned, twisted, *complex ad infinitum*? Are they not more like cross-sections of the author's simpler planes of consciousness elaborately schemed to give their label, 'boys,' verisimilitude? Yet, all this talk of the boys, elephantine though it at first appears, if read thoughtfully, reviewed, chewed over, is good. The marvel is, that all this profundity, this ponderousness, at the end produces the effect of boys, their thoughts, their feelings. Mrs. Lawrence Finchley, however, is better, has more of the real boy about her, moves vitally across the pages. She is not smothered in comment.

With all the book's originality, strength, depth, luxury of significant word painting, it lacks atmosphere. Our beautiful Aminta, Countess of Ormont, like the boys, is smothered in comment. We strain to get a clear view of her; we, too, would admire and love her, but we are never quite able to approach her. Mr. Meredith tells us she was a 'queen of women,'

was a 'gallant figure of a woman,' was of the order of women 'who walk as the goddesses of old, bearing the gift divine'; but he does not succeed in making us feel anything very definite about her except her languor. Never once do our hearts contract or dilate at thought of the lovely 'Lady Doubtful,' victim of her husband's selfish pride. She occasions the author many pungent, penetrating remarks about woman in general and herself in particular; but in proportion as the searching analysis increases, does she recede into the background and remain a warm-toned portrait, glowing behind a veil. We long to see her break for once from the trammels of her creator's reflections and move freely, naturally across the page, a breathing, vital woman whom we can sit with in the library, brood with over Morsfield's letters, be frightened with at the intrusion into her heart of Weyburn's image. Above all, we should like to stretch our muscles in her company when she takes that holiday swim, that holiday from sex which came with the 'push from earth.' Why is it that we do not get the feel of the sea, or the exhilaration of 'Browny's' 'sea-mind'? Matey heard the 'water song' of her swimming; why can not we hear it? Does such intensiveness of description in its tax on intellect frighten sensuous sympathy? That Mr. Meredith intends Aminta's beauty to charm and her sorrows to appeal is obvious; that he wishes us to see with glamour her love is not so certain. Like Lady Charlotte, he 'blushes at the story of men and women.' He paints reluctance with a sure hand and surrender, shrinkingly. Matthew Weyburn as lover fails to convince; as model young man with excellent ideas, he is more impressive; although — be it said without flippancy — for the most part, he is man of wood masquerading as man of blood. Less convincing is he than the slighter though more human figure of the Welshman in 'The Amazing Marriage,' whose love provides haven for the unfortunate amazon, Lady Fleetwood. Weyburn is an effigy inscribed with noble legends for the enlightenment of man concerning his relation to woman.

The irascible Lady Charlotte as a realization of human character in fiction is worth ten Weyburns. She is drawn to the life. Her amusing logic gives delicious completeness to her characterization; her terse judgments give spice. 'No love,' she thinks, 'is equal to the love of brother and sister; not even the love of parents for offspring, or of the children for father and mother. Marriage is inferior from not being the union of the blood; it is a matter merely of the laws and the tastes. Brother and sister have the holy young days in common . . . the golden time when they were themselves, or the best of themselves.' Marriage she regards as generally the 'habit of partnership.' She has nothing to say against Delilah, because, 'Delilah was a patriot,' and, moreover, 'her story was told by the Jews.' Against her sister in law, however, she has much to say, for she

looks upon her as a Delilah planning to invade the sacred precincts of the family of Ormont. Of the Jews, she says, with characteristic acumen, 'They're good citizens, and they've got Samson in the brain, too!' When Rowsley is not concerned she can be just. Her love for her brother, Rowsley, is her life's passion. It is a jealous, acrid love in which family pride has a share. Lady Charlotte is militant, also, if necessary, enforces her opinions on horseback at full tilt. She has a passionate admiration for truth and, nevertheless, has blind, bitter prejudices. She knows intimately the 'beanstalk' world — her world — but knowledge of her brother comes slowly; for Lord Ormont, through his inarticulateness, has much in common with the Sphinx. Charlotte understands his inexorable pride, the operation of the 'rancour of a raw wound,' but she does not understand until too late his merely human side. When, at last, the 'old rock' is smitten by the rod of chastisement, and the fountain of tears gushes forth, Lady Charlotte confronts revelation.

In dealing with the latter part of the earl's life, inclusive of this episode of the fountain of tears, Mr. Meredith is artistically simple and true. The figure of Lord Ormont is a genuinely touching one. 'Sight of the man, 'stricken right into his big heart,' moves us.

'Years,' says the author, 'are the teachers of the great rocky natures.' Both Charlotte and her brother had hearts and minds which forced them to learn the year's lesson. The picture of their life together at Olmer is exquisite, mellowing the end of a book, the first two thirds of which is dry. The vindictive Charlotte at sight of her brother's self-blame comes to humble self-knowledge. And is not self-knowledge the secret of ethical development? Because of it, she chokes back her jealousy to the point of humoring him in his fondness for chat of his runaway wife and is compassionate when she notes his finger resting at a point on the map where Aminta had displayed courage. She learns to read the earl's silence, and even comes to know Aminta's favorite colors through the satisfied look in Lord Ormont's eyes when his granddaughters wear orange and black, deepest rose, light blue, and light yellow. She is hurt by Philippa's scoffs at 'grandmamma's tutor,' for she secretly confesses to forethought in recommending Weyburn for her brother's secretary. The choice of specification which shows how the years — to use Mr. Meredith's own expression — have rounded and sapped and pierced in caverns these 'great rocky natures' could not be more telling.

In the main the plot of the book is commonplace, for in fiction legion are the unappreciated wives who run away with appreciative lovers; but the time-worn situation is here handled in so thoughtful, so modern, so unique a way, that it has the face of coin newly minted. He is here, of course,

merely exercising the essential gift of the artist, who does not, as is popularly supposed, create something new, but who compels others to see and to feel the old in a new way. And this way is so strikingly individual that one doubts if even a horde of literary imitators could render it trite.

There is no apologetic tragedy by which to propitiate the narrow-minded for Aminta's and Weyburn's transgression of the social law. The author calmly assumes here, as in 'The Amazing Marriage,' that happiness necessarily is with a union, however shattering to the traditions, where the woman has 'circumstance and occasion' for the 'use of her functions,' where she co-operates in her husband's life work. His understanding of the use of a woman's functions is that she have opportunity to use her mind and be not condemned to the exercise solely of that heart 'scientifically plumped for the delectation of epicurean man.'

No writer has spoken more nobly and justly for woman than has Mr. Meredith in this work. While recognizing the difficulties of the case, he is certain that woman, if only she be carefully studied, is to be accounted for; and as a problem he takes her very seriously. He justly makes Lord Ormont feel that his ejaculation of 'Women!' when puzzled by his wife's conduct, is merely 'ignorance roaring behind a mask.' With still more justness he shows that Lord Ormont's intimate knowledge of women as mere sex serves him in poor stead in disentangling the snarl of his wife's motives. Through Weyburn he voices the opinion that co-education 'will do away with the mischief between the sexes.'

No reader can finish 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta' without a profound impression of its author's sanity and maturity in dealing with this question of the relation of men and women. I venture to add that no careful reader of the book can lay it down without sense of deep benefit therefrom.

SOCIAL THEORIES AND ART IN MODERN DRAMA

BY HELEN CRAMP

AGAIN and again we have been told that we are living in an age of science and of criticism, rather than in an age of creative literature; yet, in spite of the voices echoing and re-echoing this message, many of us have become so fascinated with the very spirit of the hour that we exalt to the position of highest eminence the playwright or novelist who is most modern in thought, without regard to the literary value of his production.

In considering the work of Ibsen and his followers several months ago I was compelled to search for myself some ultimate standard of artistic and dramatic criticism. As I was a profound admirer of the Scandinavian playwright I was ready to cede almost any point in his favor; but when I glanced backward at the work of Shakespeare and Sophocles I was forced to admit that Ibsen, for the most part, displays little dramatic power. The whole modern drama, indeed, though an eminent expression of the world of interesting thought around us, fails to create that atmosphere of grandeur and beauty which we never cease to enjoy in the works of the really great.

George Bernard Shaw, who is, perhaps, the most earnest propagandist of the new movement in dramatic literature, says that under the old school drama we are completely 'over sexed.' If I were to make a parallel criticism of the modern stage, I should say that we are overpreached, and should class Shaw and Ibsen, not among the great artists, but among the great reformers of the day. For as philosopher teachers both of these men hold an undeniable position in the modern world. Perhaps they do not answer the problems they raise, and Ibsen, I admit, seldom answers them twice in the same way; yet, like Socrates, their ancient predecessor in the art of questioning, they at least succeed in making their audience think, and think deeply. And I would be the last to deprecate the noble function of teaching men how to use their much-neglected brains. All the rebel blood in me cries out, 'Let the drama pursue its course, let the people learn to exercise their heaven or hell-given powers of thought.' Indeed, to prove that I am not all old fashioned, I am ready to accept many of the statements in the 'Revolutionist's Handbook.'

KATE GREENAWAY

To do so, however, is in no way to indicate that I hold 'Man and Superman' beautiful, or Mr. Shaw an artist. If I did it would be to lose my judgment in a burst of social enthusiasm. To take an instance of even greater difficulty from classical literature, I am literally fascinated sometimes by the tragedies of Euripides, held by the exquisite loveliness of his verse, enthralled by his philosophy or his convincing pessimism; and yet, in spite of his splendid lyric achievements, so seldom equaled since, I do not hesitate to pronounce him altogether lacking in that single-handedness of purpose, that unity of accomplishment, which have given to Sophocles the exalted place throughout the ages. Euripides is tremendously clever, and wonderfully poetic also, but, like Ibsen, he is the voice of an age that is contemplative rather than objective and creative. He is, therefore, unqualified to rank with Æschylus and Sophocles, who came before the dawn of realism and speculation.

All this sounds very fine, you may say, but would you have a dramatist to-day observe the old Greek unities? Is not a certain amount of freedom absolutely essential to the production of great art? I do not deny that the drama of Shakespeare is infinitely more powerful than the drama of Corneille, with all its grand style and nice attention to form. We demand that beauty shall be more than mere undefined loveliness, but we do not wish it to assume a form that is too regular. In all art, it seems to me, there are two possibilities of form — one the absolute symmetry that we find everywhere in primitive art, the other the expression of a highly subtle sense of mass and line. We see examples of the same two varieties of form in nature, too, and who of us does not admire the graceful curving of the human figure more than the perfect pentagonal symmetry of the most beautiful echinoderm? Yet to say that the human figure is without form or proportion would be ridiculous. And, in similar fashion, to say that Shakespeare's plays are devoid of structure would be to deny their very existence. They bear the form of drama, have a definitely worked out plot, and a certain steady development of character — two things which every drama that makes any pretensions to beauty must have as bone and sinew of its being. In every play of Shakespeare, of course, the form is filled in with lines of exquisite poetry, which fall like music on the ear and linger in the memory like the sunshine and the flowers we have known in childhood; but the poetry would be little, at least in the way of drama, were it not for the underlying, all-essential form.

We demand, then, that the drama shall have form, and that there shall be action expressed in a definite plot, as bony framework of the structure.

Maeterlinck in a very convincing essay shows that tragedy is Here and Now, in our own lives rather than in the realm of antiquity or history;



yet, for all his enthusiasm, he fails to see the true relation between the established drama and life. And though in 'l'Interieur' and 'Les Aveugles,' for instance, he succeeds marvelously well in bringing home those mysterious impressions of tragic intensity which are sure to come upon us in moments of profoundest meditation more than ever in moments of action, the result is in no sense great drama. Such impressions, indeed, are almost untranslatable except through the medium of action; and Maeterlinck's remarkable success proves his individual ability as poet and mystic rather than the truth of his theories for the world at large. That play of Materlinck's, moreover, which I should rank as greatest, is 'Monna Vanna' the very one in which he casts his theories aside. This I admit, however, and this is probably the reason why the essay convinces us, we ourselves know, in greater or less degree, the passion and emotions expressed in the old-school drama, and for that reason attend more earnestly to their artistic and perhaps exaggerated or exalted rendering. We may feel more keenly when we are merely quiet observers instead of active citizens in the world, but a Hamlet in our every-day circle could never be half so interesting as the same Hamlet lifted to the stage, surrounded by the art of Shakespeare, with the weight of a kingdom ready to fall upon his shoulders.

And if action is the bone of the drama, character is its sinew. Yet it is in the building of character, even more than in the working out of plot, that the modern drama falls short of the requirements. Naturalism halts before the highest of creative arts. In Shakespeare even the most trivial characters are wrought with exquisite nicety; in the drama of to-day even some of the great characters are lamentably poor.

Hauptmann, in 'The Sunken Bell,' endeavoring to create a great hero, has produced only a sentimental weakling, and Sudermann, though he has created some women whom it is impossible to forget — Magda, Beata, Marikke — has not a single great hero throughout his work.

Ibsen has painted a few characters that live, that have even a certain degree of universality; but when we come to examine his plays minutely we find that the interest centers not so much in these characters as in the social problems related to them.

As for the minor personages of the modern drama, they are absolute nonentities, whose very names are forgotten as soon as read. Searching for the cause of their weakness, we find it in the fact that they are too realistic — too near the level of our own conservation and our own commonplace existence. Art and life have always been, and ever will be entirely distinct. Art must do something more than portray such and such actual conditions. To compare work that merely depicts life with great literature is equivalent to comparing a snapshot photograph with the painting of a master's brush;



to translate the characters and the dialogue of ordinary life to the drama is to fail in an adequate understanding of the meaning of art. On the stage we should not demand that the characters talk as they would in real life, but that they talk naturally, indeed, and on the whole, consistently, just as they seldom do in the world we know. The great dramatist gives his characters something to say, and something that is self-revealing. To do so is an essential 'trick of the trade'—a trick which modern playwrights have not often caught, and without which they would not hold our attention for one moment, were it not for our absorbing interest in the questions they raise.

We cannot deny that these questions are fascinating, that they compel us to read in spite of ourselves, and even when we know the solution will not satisfy. But this very interest is proof that the dramas are ephemeral; for contemporary social problems, the results of certain unnatural and unusual conditions in our economic environment, can never be sufficiently universal to become the theme of great literature. If, on the other hand, interest centers around the elemental and eternal processes of life and death and human love, the drama has a larger chance of immortality.

To go a step farther, in the really great drama it is not so much the subject that interests us as the manner in which it is presented, the strict adherence to the nice requirements of form, the marvelous interpretation of human character, and the fine intensity of the tragic atmosphere. I remember going to a large art gallery last summer, where the one picture that charmed me most was a small portrait of a vulgar man smoking a pipe, not an inspiring theme, surely, and scarcely an interesting one. But it was painted by the hand of no less an artist than Frans Hals, and the light that fell upon the face was the quintessence of sunshine translated into color. Its effect was indescribable, and the mere thought of it, even now, brings a smile of pleasurable satisfaction. Obviously the subject was something quite aside from the artistic interest of the production. Similarly when we consider the themes of some of our finest tragedies — of 'Macbeth,' of 'Agamemnon,' we find them horrible stories of blood-tingling murder, though so inimitably told that the themes borrow grandeur, even beauty, from the very power of the poet's art.

What, we may ask, does the modern drama borrow from its artistic medium? Nothing, absolutely nothing, for there is no artistic medium from which to borrow. It is bare, cold realism, robbed of all illusion, a collection of snapshot views from life, interesting, perhaps, to the man of the world, not quite so interesting to the lover of beauty, who is looking not for theories but for art, not for sermons but for literature.

Twenty years hence, no doubt, Shaw and Ibsen will be gathering dust on the neglected shelves of the generation that has passed away, while the

men and women of that hour will turn as gladly as any of us to Shakespeare and the other great dramatists who have stood the test of centuries because they sought not so much to portray fact as to make reality transcendent. In the works of these they will find that beauty which is one with the beauty of Nature, world-old, yet new in every age, significant for every generation.

HORACE'S ODES

II:16

By THOMAS EWING, JR.

Ease a man prays for driven off to leeward
Over Ægean when a storm arising
Stops the full moonlight nor a cheery star shines
Out to the sailor;
Ease the mad Thracian terrible to foeman,
Ease the Mede wearing quiver on the shoulder,
Grosphæ, which jewels nor a gaudy raiment
Nor money offers.
For never fortune nor a burly licitor
Drove away troubles on uneasy tempers
Crowding, nor cares that flit about the raftered
Ivory ceilings.
With little he is happy whose paternal
Salt-cellar furbished-up adorns the table,
Whose pleasant slumber panic or debasing
Mania spoils not.
Why in our sojourn many marks attempt we
Rashly? Why wanders any one to countries
Where a strange sun shines? Is a race to exile
Outstripping ourselves?
Into beaked triremes scurry cares collecting
Booty, nor troopers let away before them,
Fleet above reindeer or a cloud receding
Fleet as a norther.
One reconciled toward the present, of aught that
Lies beyond heedless, to buffets opposes
Tempering laughter; nothing unto mortals
Is blessing only.

Early, death signalled to renowned Achilles,
 Weary Tithonus sorry age depleted;—
 And peradventure what the hour denies you
 It will allow me.
 You heifers ranging the Sicilian acres
 Low about ceaselessly, to you the thorough
 Bred fillies stamping, whinny, yours a mantle
 Doubly refined with.
 Tyrian purple; but to me inerrent
 Fate a poor homestead giving, adds me music
 Tenuous but Grecian, with an unrelenting
 Scorn of the vulgar.

THE DJINNS

(Les Djinns)

BY VICTOR HUGO

Translated by C. E. Arnoux, Ph.D.

Walls, town,—
 And port,
 The Court
 Of death;
 Sea gray,
 Where play
 The winds.—
 All sleeps.

On the plain
 Stirs a sound,
 Such as found
 When night breathes.
 Lo! it sighs
 Like a soul
 Chased by flame
 To its goal.

Hark! the voice swells
Like far distant bells.—
It's the bold advance
Of sprites that dance
Silent now.— Then with zest
In rhythmic cadence prance.
On the waves' curved crest
On one foot dance.

The din comes nigh:
Echoes re-tell its sigh.
It's like the rusty bell
Of dungeon-cloister fell,
The voice of angered mobs
With shrieking, thundering sobs.—
Then sinks to very naught,
Then swells in new onslaught.

Gods, ye! The burial tones
Of Djinns! What yells, what groans!
Flee 'neath the spiral stair
Seek safety in its care.
The lamp is wellnigh spent,—
The shadows in the hall
That creep along the wall
Up to the sky are bent.

Lo! 'Tis the horde of Djinns that mass
And whirl about and shriek and pass.
The yew before them bends his spine
And crackles like a firèd pine.
Their lusty herd, pond'rous and fleet
Into the void will not retreat.
It is like unto a livid cloud
Flanked by the lightning as a shroud.
Behold them come! Hold ever fast
Defying gate until they're past.
What tumult out! Hideous array
Of vampires, that with dragons play.—

TWILIGHT IN IRELAND

BY HELEN COALE CREW

O round and red the sun that sinks
Into a pool of mellow light!
O high and clear the host of stars
That usher in the shadowy night!
In the fair hills where Morna dwelt,
And Maeva's beauty lingers long,
Still sound the notes of elfin horns,
The laughing lilt of fairy song.
And faint and far Dalua's bell
Rings like an echo sweet and clear;
Cold rise the mists on bog and fen;
The crescent moon dips softly near.
The wind a-keening through the hills
Moans many voiced, and ebbs away;
And all the glens and groves are still,
Wrapped in the hush of dying day.
Hark! on the quiet air a sound —
The clash of arms as heroes fight;
And godlike forms glide from the mist
And shadows of approaching night.
Here Fingal hurls a mighty dart,
Cuchullin casts afar his spear.
Where shamrock blossoms from the sod
Walk softly, for the gods are here.

NEW YORK VS. CHICAGO AS A DRAMATIC CENTER

BY ARTHUR ROW

HERE is a topic that might well give us pause, but as Sir Toby says, in *Twelfth Night*, ‘Pourquoi, my good knight?’ Well, because certain undeniable facts are daily forcing themselves upon us and assuming a proportion that is irresistible. Facts are facts, and have a most disconcerting way of sitting down and staring us in the face with a sphinx-like countenance and a gaze that is embarrassingly direct.

It is becoming more and more the custom of Eastern managers to make new productions in Chicago, yet only a very few years ago for a play destined for New York and the country at large to have its advent anywhere *but* in New York or its immediate vicinity was an unheard of proposition, a commercial absurdity simply not to be considered. But now what a change is here! ‘The Melting Pot,’ the new Zangwill drama that has created so much interest, has enjoyed a long run in Chicago and a whole season ‘on the road’ before New York gets a glimpse of it. Still another case is ‘The Man from Home,’ and (as does not always follow) it has succeeded in both cities.

The contrasting, widely divergent point of taste in New York and Chicago on dramatic matters is a subject of some moment. Nothing could be more striking than the manner in which the East and the West differ in their reception of the same play, yet it is typical of the natures of the two people; it also illustrates and elucidates much. ‘Tell me what a man eats, and I’ll tell you what he is.’ Tell me also what a people care for in the theater, and as a result what they are is graphically described, even accentuated. To put it bluntly, Eastern people are critical, while Westerners are appreciative. The dominant characteristics of the Western people are an almost childlike simplicity and impulsiveness, and to these qualities are added a tremendous enthusiasm and willingness to be pleased. The half dozen times I have acted in Chicago with various attractions these impressions have become so insistent on my consciousness as to assume the appearance of confirmed facts.

In New York it is never considered quite *au fait* to exhibit one’s emo-

tions. Criticism is dearer than life itself. In their very temperament New Yorkers are opposed to the theater, being reserved, conventional, and *blasé*. While they can display some enthusiasm upon occasion it is not the same whole-hearted fervor or praise that Westerners delight in showering upon those who have given them pleasure in their efforts to please.

In matter of prestige the New York stamp is still all important, but to test the pulse of the country at large, give me Chicago. It is, I think a much more representative criterion of the nation's taste. A play that has had a long, successful 'run' in Manhattan frequently has its tour cut embarrassingly short from sheer lack of patronage on the road. But everything is the point of view. Presenting a play for the first time in New York preparatory to taking it on tour, is, as things are now, a most unfair test as to whether the country at large will like it or not. The *prestige* of the New York stamp is absolutely a conventional idea, and the New York verdict has far too long enjoyed its purely fictitious and superstitious sway.

Sophistication, New Yorkers are abundantly endowed with, but this, alack, is the last quality to be desired in an audience. The Western people are picturesque in their lives; consequently to the theater they bring with them vivid imaginations. This alone is an inestimable boon to the actor. Their blood is warm, and leaps and bounds. Their minds are untrameded, and above all, unprejudiced. The instincts of a simple man are very true, and can be safely trusted.

In reviewing the reception of the same play by Chicago and New York, two examples come forcibly before me. I refer to the Mansfield production of 'Peer Gynt,' and a one-act play produced by Francis Wilson, called 'The Little Father of the Wilderness.' Both plays were unusual, and should have commanded intense, profound admiration. This Chicago accorded both productions, but in New York it was a different story. Entire appreciation was not lacking in the East, but we 'heard nothing about it *out loud*'—as the Westerners put it—and yet 'Peer Gynt,' it would seem, had everything to command tremendous enthusiasm. It was big in its idea, primeval, and evolved in a symbolism poetic and picturesque in the extreme. In the acting there were at least three exceptional performances: the Peer Gynt of Mansfield, the Ase of Emma Dunn, and the Solveig of Adelaide Nowak. In Chicago the play was put on for two weeks; it ran *five*, to enormous business and intense enthusiasm. It was the subject of columns in the newspapers. College professors and distinguished men of every rank wrote personal letters of congratulation to prominent members of the cast, and a genuine dramatic sensation of unusual quality seemed to have been made. Naturally one expected as much or more in New York, but, oh dear! oh dear! what a falling off was there!

Only the most meager praise was heard, and the audiences were apathetic in the extreme; the people *came* in crowds (as usual in a Mansfield performance), but they did not enthuse. All the symbolism of the play, all its weird, picturesque qualities, exquisite poetry, and quaint imagery were quite, quite lost!

In a smaller way 'The Little Father of the Wilderness' shared the same fate. On tour the play was generally conceded to be a gem, the performance exceptionally fine. Mr. Wilson acted a little Canadian priest with pathos and rare humor, and the young French king of William Lewers was a portraiture of brilliancy and distinction. In New York play and performance were passed over with complete indifference.

It is curiously interesting to watch the fate of a New York 'success' on the road. A very charming play, called 'The Secret of Polichinelle,' was put on a few seasons ago at the Madison Square Theater. It ran for the better part of a season. Naturally its prosperous road tour was thought to be a practical certainty, but it actually lasted about ten weeks, and that with an artist like W. H. Thompson in the leading role.

There was produced towards the end of last season in New York a most unusual play. I refer to 'A Fool There Was,' by Porter Emerson Browne, and inspired by Kipling's poem, 'The Vampire.' The play is primitive in its gripping power. It is not a 'pretty play.' It is an ugly brute, and, brute-like, has a compelling force that takes you along whether you will or no. It has an attraction you cannot explain — it's just *there*. The play ran for months, and was considered a sensational success. It will do still better, I think, where the 'big,' primeval idea is more keenly appreciated; I refer to the West.

To leave the subject of plays and turn to that of mere acting, one naturally thinks of the case of Nance O'Neil. Here is genius, in the raw, if you will, but still genius; a rare quality, a pure gift of the gods that should make us humbly grateful for its presence. Subtle she is not. Of nuance and finesse she is guiltless. But why look for a teaset in a prairie, or a tinkling, shimmering stream where the still ocean at full moon meets the eye, and one experiences that choking sensation caused by a sight of such awe and majesty, or you realize how puny is your existence in a flash on hearing a passage from Shakespeare of sublime proportions.

It is remarkable that belated New York has now at last also yielded to Nance O'Neil's genius and offered her some measure of the recognition bestowed upon her so generously from all quarters of America and Australia.

Some one inquired recently of a Manhattan grande dame how she pronounced Chicago. 'We don't pronounce it,' was the response. Who can tell in the future just how proficient New York may become.

154 NEW YORK VS. CHICAGO AS A DRAMATIC CENTER

One of the latest of Chicago successes to bid for favor in Manhattan is a melodrama called "The Deep Purple," by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Wizner. It ran for months to crowded houses in Chicago, and in all probability will have a most prosperous road tour, but its fate in New York is problematical indeed. One of the oldest and most highly esteemed of the metropolitan papers declares it offends in the most offensive way, for it is guilty of the one unforgivable sin in the theater—stupidity. Again comes the seeming inevitable clash between New York and Chicago. I saw the play in Chicago. It seemed to have an electric response from the audience that was the reverse from stupidity. It is crude, yes! unfinished, yes! as life in the raw is often crude and bare, but—it is vital, and thrills you with a good old time thrill. It has sincerity, which is the supreme quality in the theater (where, paradoxical though it may sound, sham is least respected), in other words, it gets you. It is a story of the underworld teeming with color and vibrant with life. But these, alack! are not the qualities favored in New York. There supreme sophistication, gilded vice, and decadence often have a larger audience. 'The Deep Purple' is only another indication of the trend of the times for plays with suggestive ideas and spiritual uplift. As a work of art, as a model of play writing, it is not to be admired, but this is wide of the question. Perfectly written, constructed plays like perfect people are apt to be monotonous, tiresome. Amusement is the first requirement in the theater, and vivid entertainment this play has already proven itself to be. That it possesses in addition a strong optimistic streak and inspirational quality is a matter of hearty congratulation to all concerned. Anything so illusive as these qualities of course one cannot expect the denizens of overfed, densely material Manhattanites to appreciate.

THE NEW POETRY

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

THERE are at least five notable American poets alive to-day, but not one is a great poet. Why should this be so? These men have power, real power; they utter real thought with real passion and real melody. Their expression has finality; their technic is excellent. But we do not read them as we read our poets — they are skimmed or skipped, and have no part in national life. Instinctively we deny them greatness and refuse to be led by them.

If the five poets were asked for reasons they would probably lay the blame on the times. This is, by critical consent, a prose age. But it is probable that the critics are wrong. An age that is stirred by music as no age has been; an age that is stirred by fiction as no age has been; an age that is stirred by the social fire as no age has been — is this an age of *prose*? Instinct in this case is right. We must lay the blame largely on the poets and we must lay it on the teachers of the poets.

Since Sidney Lanier published his 'Science of English Verse,' there is no excuse for the teacher who neglects the scientific analysis of poetry. We do not leave astronomy in the hands of instinct and philosophy: we can no longer deal with poetry in the medieval spirit. To say that poetry must be 'simple, sensuous, and passionate,' is to say nothing. We can say that of prose. To say that the way to judge poetry is to compare it with a recognized masterpiece is to say worse than nothing. How do we know that the 'masterpiece' is poetry? Because 'To be or not to be' has been enriched by a line of actors from the day of Shakespeare, so that it is mouthed magnificently, does not prove that a line like: 'To grunt and sweat under a weary life' is a line of poetry. Shakespeare was called a barbarian by his own age — notably a poetic age. To say that we can judge poetry by the mood it produces in us is to say a self-evident falsehood. For every temperament reacts differently, and it would be manifestly wrong to say: 'This is not poetry because it does not stir me.'

The truth of the matter is, that the modern spirit demands science in all things — the seen and unseen; the ordered and chaotic; the simple and the intangible. We must subject poetry to analysis and to the theory of evolution. Sidney Lanier has done the former. Let us restate his conclusions, with such elaborations as may seem necessary:

Poetry is composed of words. Words are sounds. Hence, a poem is an arrangement of sounds. So, too, is prose. So, too, is music. The three types of expression have certain elements in common and certain radical differences. Prose has many tunes and many melodies, and a definite scale of notes. It is used in what we call the *speaking* voice as contrasted with the *singing* voice. Of course the *singing* voice has a much larger scale, a higher and deeper reach, a greater richness. Yet the *speaking* voice is within the scale of the *singing* voice, and in its smaller reach has the very same qualities. In listening to a speaker of a language unknown to us, we distinctly hear the flow of tunes, of melodies, and very often we can sense what the man is saying by the *tune* or tone. We know at once whether it is a demand, a question, an exclamation of anger, a phrase of affection, etc. We interpret music in the same way.

But there is this vital difference between *prose* and *music*. Prose is a mere flow of tangled, unorganized melodies with a tendency to monotone: it has an indefinite construction: it has, save as it is related to its thought-content, no art whatsoever. Music, on the other hand, has what we call 'composition,' in other words, it is organic. That is to say, it has a rigid structure, a beginning, a rise, a dramatic climax, a descent, an end — one note inevitably rises out of another — it is a work of Art. It is a condensation — a summing up — like one great hammer-blow taking the place of a series of taps.

There is another vital difference. Prose is melody: music is melody plus meter. According to psychologists melody arouses, excites; but meter, that is, a definite repeated *beat*, or *pulse*, is soothing. This statement concerning meter is proved by the simplest experiments. The regular breaking of waves on a coast, the rocking of a cradle, the thump of car wheels in a 'sleeper,' the repetition of numbers, are all conducive to sleep. The welding, therefore, of melody and meter gives a strange and wonderful pleasure — it cannot help but stir us strongly and leave us satisfied. It is one of the surest means of stirring the emotions.

There is also a third difference between prose and music. In music the sounds are indefinite; in prose the sounds are words. Hence, prose is a more universal medium, because it is so clearly intellectual, it is so splendidly a medium for conveying the thoughts of one brain to another.

To sum up: Prose is melodious and has clear meaning; music is melodious, metrical, and has an artistic structure, but is indefinite in its meaning.

Hence, the superiority of Poetry.

It combines the best qualities of Prose and Music. It is at once like prose, in that it is melodious and has clear meaning; it is at once like music, in that it is metrical and is a 'composition.' In short, poetry is the *in-*

tensest expression we have—for it not only stirs us with thought, excites us with melody, soothes us with meter, but it also has the dramatic strength of an artistic structure, with a beginning, a rise, a climax, a descent, an end. It not only has the condensation of a musical composition: it is also a condensation of thought: it is the best medium for summing up the thoughts and emotions—that is, the life—of an age. To put the matter differently: A thought in order to become alive, must have the quality of life—*heat*—that is, the emotional quality. Music is the purest emotional expression. Therefore a thought becomes *intensest* if it is expressed through music. Poetry is thought conveyed with white heat.

Such, somewhat elaborated, is the theory of Sidney Lanier, that a poem is a musical composition in which definite sounds (words) are substituted for indefinite sounds.

Coming back to the poetry of the five poets, we find, strangely enough, that their poetry meets this definition.

Wherein, then, does it fail?

It fails, not because it is not music, but because of its kind of music.

According to the definition above, the music in poetry has *equal importance* with the thought, the words. This fact has been overlooked by the critics. In judging a poem we must apply the theory of evolution *not to the thought alone, but to the music as well.*

There is a similarity between the history of the evolution of music and of the music in poetry. In music the simple compositions of the ancients and the medievals evolved into the vast complexities, the tremendous harmonies of the Italian and French and German schools. Then suddenly there was a leap forward through Wagner, a break with the past, a music so new that the ear had to be schooled to it, a music so real that the trained ear felt that hitherto there had been no music as great. When we speak of modern music we mean Wagnerian music.

But Wagner was no freak: he has a natural place in the evolution of music. All great music, as all great poetry, is merely the expression of the age that produced it. An age of monasteries produced a monastic music; a troubadour age produced troubadour music; a courtly age produced courtly music. Hence, throughout the middle ages and up to the middle of the nineteenth century music had a steady and mild evolution. But the nineteenth century was a century of revolution; thousands of years were overturned, demolished, and in the ruins a new civilization arose—a civilization with social and democratic tendencies; a civilization socialized and democratized by a new transportation, a new transmission of thought and energy. Earth's peoples came together in the noise of the new machinery. The old order passed with its stateliness, its monotonous creeds,

its ice-bound social cleavages. In the vast upspringing of souls released, the new civilization, being very young, found the world a chaos of the dying and the newborn. The old order had given to the new disorder. It was a time of noise, of doubt, of regret, of clashings, of commerce, of machinery, but all shot through by a new vision, the first beams of a new religion. And the age expressed itself in music, as all ages must. Is it any wonder that the music, like the age, was not only a startling break with the past, but also had in it a divine disorder — the very life blood of the new age?

So, too, with poetry. Every poet brings us a new music — the music of a new age. But from Shakespeare to Tennyson the music has a mild, regular evolution, and belongs to the old order. And then came Walt Whitman, the first of the modern poets. Shakespeare was of the aristocrats, the court of kings; Milton was of the pomp of the church; Pope was of the polished drawing-room; Tennyson was of the cloistral university, but Walt Whitman was, like Wagner, of the modern and all it implies, all its noise, its divine disorder, its machines, its new vision, its democratic fires.

Is it any wonder, then, that his poetry represents a complete break with the past? Is it any wonder that to ears untrained it sounded like insane discords, even as Wagner's music did? But as the ear became trained it found something in Whitman that superseded all the poetry of the past — it found that something which the modern spirit craves — i.e., self-expression. Put Whitman and his age side by side and they will be found to complement each other: they are inseparable.

It is clear now why the five poets have failed. Instinct already told us this; but now we may make a reasonable and convincing test. We examine their *music*. What is it? Is it not evolved merely from Tennyson and Keats, Shelley and Shakespeare? Does it not, then, belong to the old order? Its new thought, its modern mood, does not save it. Neither would putting modern words to an old German melody produce a modern song.

In all music the great break has occurred; we have a new world and a new music; we must build on Wagner and Whitman. This does not mean that we must repeat Wagner and Whitman. Their age, too, has passed. A new age is upon us. But as Shakespeare and Tennyson belong broadly to one slow-moving period, so do we of to-day with Wagner and Whitman belong to that period that broadly we may call the Modern. Hence, the new poetry can be no echo of Whitman: it must be a step beyond him, and even as the modern age is beginning to crystallize, to tend more toward harmony and order, so too must our poetry tend to be more ordered, more compact, with more rigid structure. This does not

mean that it may be perfect. Perfection is the sign of death —Tennyson's poetry sounded the knell of the old order — and our poetry cannot be perfect, however much the sensitive ear, still echoing Shakespeare and Keats, might abstractly desire it. It must be one with this age; it must be the new music and not the old. Who could write of the building of the skyscraper in a courtly or monastic or scholarly style? In order that man in relation to his skyscraper be expressed, must we not hear the thump of the air-hammer on the red-hot rivets, must we not hear the roar of the gale as it twangs the steel strings of the skeleton, must we not feel the daring of the men who walk the two-foot beam five hundred feet from the street below? And must not the noise and confusion, the stir and color of a modern city be felt like an undertone? In short, must not the poetry of to-day have rough edges, strong music, concise vigor, daring technic?

What shall this new poetry be? What shall it not be? It may be a composition employing one meter throughout — it may be a composition blending line by line all or many meters. Whitman smashed the old moulds. He wrote each line as the thought and mood of it worked out in music. That is — he based his poems, not on the stanza, but on the line. Each line had its own 'curve,' its thought and mood demanded a certain rhythm, a certain melody. That Whitman failed in such an act of utter creation is evident. But that to-day we may advance a step farther, furnished as we are with the results of his experiments, is also evident. One form of modern poetry will undoubtedly be the use of Whitmanics, a ready name for a poem built on lines instead of stanzas. It will have a wonderful musical structure, its melody, on the wings of a variable meter and length of line, will now be slow, now swift, now dipping, now pausing, now soaring in flight. The poet will ring changes and snatches of song and loveliness of sound never before heard. His opening line may be a chord — one word, possibly — struck hard: his next a running trill; his third a pause; his fourth a great soaring of triumphant melody, etc., down to the last line dying away in a few sounds.

Let the young poet of to-day go out into his age and live among his people. Let him listen lovingly to the chatter of the street and the thunder of the engines until the vast, deep music of these times is disclosed to his ear. Let him snatch these new melodies, these new meters, and somehow sweat them into poems — somehow, by sheer creative stress, utter them forth. What he writes might not please the dead court of Queen Elizabeth, nor the dead living souls in their closets whose ears are in that dead court, but to living men and women he will be singing a music that feeds them. They, too, are in the swing of the glory of their age — a glory inexpressible. When the poet expresses that glory, they will drink and eat of his song. They will be fed.

THE COMMON STREET

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

The common street climbed up against the sky,
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go,
Each with his sordid burden, trudging by.
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull and slow
All motion; as a tale told long ago
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.
Suddenly down the long, wet, glistening hill
Pure splendor poured — and lo! the common street,
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

AUG 22 1912